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**BADGE OF THE SOCIETY
OF THE**



ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
SOCIETY
OF THE
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE
AT THE
TWENTY-NINTH MEETING,
HELD AT
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN,
OCTOBER 27-28, 1897.

CINCINNATI:
Press of F. W. Freeman, 122 East Pearl Street
1898.

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OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1897-8.

President,

General GRENVILLE M. DODGE.

Vice-Presidents,

Colonel JOHN B. BELL,
Major WILLIAM WARNER,
Colonel B. T. WRIGHT,
Captain JOHN CRANE,
General L. F. HUBBARD,
General C. H. FREDERICK,
Captain O. C. LADEMAN,
Mr. ANDREW A. BLAIR,
Major CHARLES CHRISTENSEN,
Colonel J. W. McMURRAY,
Lieutenant J. R. DUNLAP,
Captain M. A. HIGLEY.

Corresponding Secretary,

General ANDREW HICKENLOOPER,

Treasurer,

General MANNING F. FORCE.

Recording Secretary,

Colonel CORNELIUS CADLE.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

The Association shall be known as "THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE," and shall include every officer who has served with honor in that Army.

Honorary members may be elected from those who have served with honor and distinction in any of the armies of the United States.

ARTICLE II.

The object of the Society shall be to keep alive and preserve that kindly and cordial feeling which has been one of the characteristics of this Army during its career in the service, and which has given it such harmony of action, and contributed, in no small degree, to its glorious achievements in our country's cause.

The fame and glory of all the officers belonging to this Army, who have fallen either on the field of battle, or in their line of duty, shall be a sacred trust to this Society, which shall cause proper memorials of their services to be collected and preserved, and thus transmit their names with honor to posterity.

The families of all such officers who shall be in indigent circumstances will have a claim on the generosity of the Society, and will be relieved by the voluntary contributions of its members whenever brought to their attention. In like manner, the fame and suffering families of those officers who may hereafter be stricken down by death shall be a trust in the hands of their survivors.

ARTICLE III.

For the purpose of accomplishing these objects, the Society shall be organized by the annual election of a President and Vice-Presidents. The Vice-Presidents to be chosen, one from each Army Corps of the old Army of the Tennessee, and a Corresponding and a Recording Secretary.

The Society shall meet once in every year, and those officers who, for any cause, are unable to attend its meeting, will be expected to write to the Corresponding Secretary of the Society, and impart such information in regard to themselves as they may desire, and which may be of interest to their brother officers. Honoring the glorious achievements of our brothers-in-arms belonging to other armies, whose services have contributed, in an equal

degree, in the re-establishment of our Government, and desiring to draw closer to them in the bonds of social feeling, the President, or either of the Vice-Presidents of this Society, shall be authorized to invite the attendance of any officer of the United States Army at any of our annual meetings.

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

FIRST. That the first sentence of the third article of the Constitution be amended so as to read as follows:

“The Society shall be organized by the annual election of a President and six Vice-Presidents, a Recording Secretary, a Corresponding Secretary, and a Treasurer.”

SECOND. That article third of the Constitution be amended so as to read as follows:

“The number of Vice-Presidents shall be twelve, instead of one from each Corps of the Army of the Tennessee.”

THIRD. “That each member may, subject to the approval of the President and a majority vote of the Society, at any annual meeting, designate by last will and testament, or otherwise, in writing, the relative to whom his membership shall descend, and in default of such designation, the same shall, subject to the same approval and vote, descend to his eldest son, and such membership, so descending, shall carry with it all the rights, privileges and obligations of original membership. That in case such deceased member has no son eligible to membership and has made no designation, then his widow, if she so desire, shall be considered an honorary member, and as such shall receive our care, consideration and respect, and shall be entitled to receive notices of proposed meetings and reports of proceedings.”

FOURTH. “That honorary members may be elected from those who served with honor and distinction in the Navy of the United States.”

FIFTH. That the Third Amendment to the Constitution be amended to read as follows:

“That each member may, subject to the approval of the President and a majority vote of the Society, at any annual meeting, designate by last will and testament, or otherwise, in writing, the relative to whom his membership shall descend, and in default of such designation, the same shall, subject to the same approval and vote, descend to his eldest son, or no such son being alive, then to the grandson, to be designated by the nearest

relatives of the deceased, and such membership, so descending, shall carry with it all the rights, privileges and obligations of original membership. That in case such deceased member has no son eligible to membership, and no grandson is designated, and has made no designation, then his widow, if she so desire, shall be considered an honorary member, and as such shall receive our care, consideration and respect, and shall be entitled to receive notices of proposed meetings and reports of proceedings."

SIXTH. That the Fifth Amendment to the Third Amendment to the Constitution be amended to read as follows:

"The sons and daughters, or other relatives, who have heretofore been designated by members as their successors, and also the sons and daughters, or other relatives, who may hereafter be nominated for membership by any such member, shall be entitled to membership, if of legal age, upon the payment of the fees and dues prescribed in the Third Amendment to the by-laws.

"And the sons and daughters, and if there be none, the nearest relative, when of legal age, of any deceased officer who was entitled to membership by creditable service in the Army of the Tennessee, but who died without becoming a member of the Society, may, upon written application, approved by the President and a majority vote of the members present at any regularly called meeting of the Society, become a member, but any such membership shall be subject to the payment of the fees and dues heretofore specified."

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.

All persons applying previous to, on or after the annual meeting in eighteen hundred and seventy (1870) for enrollment, shall pay a membership fee of ten dollars (\$10), that the annual dues shall continue to be one dollar (\$1), and persons applying for membership shall pay back dues; that all fees and dues are payable to the Recording Secretary, and all money received by him on account of the Society shall be transferred to the Treasurer, and that all money received as fees shall by the Treasurer be added to the Permanent Fund. (See amendment page 7.)

ARTICLE II.

Money for ordinary expenses of the Society may be expended by the Treasurer upon the warrant of the President. All other expenditures only in pursuance of a vote of the Society.

ARTICLE III.

The Treasurer will make a report to the annual meeting of all receipts and expenditures, with vouchers.

The Recording Secretary shall report to the annual meeting all money received by him, and all transferred by him to the Treasurer.

The Corresponding Secretary shall report to every meeting all correspondence of general interest.

ARTICLE IV.

All questions and resolutions shall be decided by a majority of the members present. But amendments proposed to the Constitution shall be acted upon only at the annual meeting subsequent to the one at which they may be proposed, unless the postponement be dispensed with by a vote of two-thirds of the members present. (See amendment page 7.)

ARTICLE V.

The order of business shall be as follows:

1. Reading of the journal of the previous meeting.
2. Appointment of committees on business and for nomination of officers.
3. Receiving reports.
4. Current business.
5. Election of officers.
6. Adjournment.

ARTICLE VI.

If the Society shall, at any meeting, omit to designate the time and place of the next meeting, the President shall, by due public notice, fix the time and place.

ARTICLE VII.

Whenever any member of the Society is reported to the Corresponding Secretary to have disqualified himself for membership, by reason of dishonorable or vicious conduct, he shall be reported to the President of the Society, who thereupon shall order a court of not less than three members of the Society to investigate the facts and report to the next meeting for the action of the Society in the case.

AMENDMENTS TO THE BY-LAWS.

FIRST. That article fourth of the By-Laws be amended so as to read:

"All questions and resolutions, except amendments to the Constitution, shall be decided by a majority of the members present. But amendments proposed to the Constitution shall be acted upon only at the meeting subsequent to the one at which they may be proposed, and shall require a vote of two-thirds of all members present."

SECOND. That any arrears of dues of deceased members may be paid by a relative or friend of a member so as to restore the record of a deceased member, same as provided for restoring the record of a living member who may be in arrears of dues.

THIRD. All persons applying on or after the annual meeting of 1889 for enrollment, shall pay a membership fee of ten dollars; that the annual dues shall continue to be one dollar, and that persons applying for membership shall not be required to pay back dues, nor shall they be entitled to receive reports of meetings held previous to 1889, without paying cost of same.

The following resolution was adopted at the meeting in Madison, Wisconsin, July 4th, 1872:

Resolved, That members of the Society may become life-members on the payment into the treasury of the sum of thirty-five dollars, providing any fee which has been paid by them previous to this time be credited against this

life-membership fee. After such life-membership is secured by any member, he shall be relieved from paying the annual dues as provided by the By-Laws.

The following resolution was adopted at the meeting in Springfield, Illinois, October 15th, 1874:

Resolved, That any member who shall be in default of payment of any part of his membership fee at our next annual meeting, or any member who shall be in arrears of dues at any time after our next annual meeting to the amount of five dollars, shall have his name dropped from the published list of members; any member being so dropped, shall have his name restored at any time, when full payment of arrears for fees and dues have been made.

PREFACE.

The Corresponding Secretary issued the following notice:

HEADQUARTERS,
SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, }
CINCINNATI, *September 15, 1897.*

To the Members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

The twenty-ninth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee will be held in the city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 27th and 28th, 1897.

The annual address will be delivered by Major William Warner.

All arrangements for the meeting will be entrusted to the following named

LOCAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Captain F. H. Magdeburg, *Chairman.*

Captain O. C. Lademan,

Colonel Cornelius Wheeler,

Major Moses Harris,

Captain George I. Robinson,

Major Chas. H. Ross,

Lieutenant Harry A. Valentin.

This committee will perfect their own local organization, and give due and timely notice of the details of their arrangements.

Commissioned officers who at any time during the Civil war served with credit in either the Army or Department of the Tennessee, are entitled to membership, and their attendance earnestly requested.

Members of kindred associations are cordially invited to be present and participate in the festivities of the occasion.

The wives and daughters of members, and all invited guests, are by resolution of the Society entitled to seats at the banquet.

G. M. DODGE,

CORNELIUS CADLE,

President.

Recording Secretary,

A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary.

The local committee issued the following notice:

TWENTY-NINTH REUNION
OF THE
SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE
WILL BE HELD AT
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN,
Wednesday and Thursday, October 27 and 28, 1897.

TRANSPORTATION.

Rate of fare and one-third for the round trip on certificate plan has been arranged for. When buying your tickets ask and insist upon a certificate (for each ticket you purchase), that you have paid your fare. This rate will not apply if we can not produce 100 such certificates, hence the importance of procuring them.

Programme for October 27th, 1897, will consist of annual oration, address of welcome, response thereto, and four orchestral and four vocal pieces performed by best talent in this city.

After close of this entertainment a social gathering will be held at Wolcott Post and Loyal Legion rooms for members of the Society, invited guests and friends. Good coffee and sandwiches will be provided. Perhaps something more enlivening may also be obtained.

Programme for Banquet, October 28th, 1897. Responses to toasts will be made by Colonel George E. Bryant, Archbishop Ireland, Mrs. Charles. H. Smith, General John C. Black, Major Hoyt Sherman, General Horatio C. King, Mr. George Buckland. There will be recitations by General J. H. Stibbs. Music by Quintette Club and singing by amateurs and professionals.

Business meetings and social gatherings will be held in Wolcott Post and Loyal Legion rooms which, by courtesy of these organizations, are placed at our disposal.

All eastward bound cars passing headquarters will carry members within half a square of Academy of Music building, in which Wolcott Post is located. Ask conductor to stop at Milwaukee street.

Annual oration will be delivered in Plymouth Church, corner Oneida and VanBuren streets. Lake Park and Oakland Avenue cars passing headquarters eastward carry within one block of Plymouth Church. Get off at Oneida Street—Church one block east.

Street car fare to any part of the city reachable with one transfer privilege, five cents. Street cars will stop in front of headquarters to take on or let off passengers.

Headquarters will be established at the Plankinton House, October 27-28, where the banquet will also be held. The committee suggests that members desiring rooms make direct application for same to such of the hotels above enumerated as will suit them best. This suggestion is made to simplify

Preface.

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matters; is however not to be construed as a refusal on part of committee to attend to requests for quarters entrusted to the committee.

By order of Local Executive Committee.

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Chairman.

Captain Otto C. Lademan,	Colonel Cornelius Wheeler,
Major Moses Harris,	Captain George I. Robinson,
Major Charles H. Ross,	
Lieutenant Harry A. Valentin, Secretary.	

MILWAUKEE, *October 13, 1897.*

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Captain Otto C. Lademan,	Major Moses Harris,
General F. C. Winkler,	Major C. H. Anson,
Captain E. B. Parsons,	Captain Irving M. Bean,
Lieutenant Jerome A. Watrous.	

LADIES RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Otto C. Lademan,	Mrs. Cornelius Wheeler,
Mrs. Moses Harris,	Mrs. C. H. Anson,
Mrs. Edwin B. Parsons,	Mrs. F. C. Winkler,
Mrs. F. H. Magdeburg.	

YOUNG LADIES RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Miss Magdeburg,	Miss Parsons,
Miss Harris,	Miss Winkler,
Miss Mohr.	

LOYAL LEGION COMMITTEE.

Colonel Cornelius Wheeler,	Captain Mason Jackson,
Captain A. Ross Houston,	Lieutenant Jerome B. Johnson,
General Fred. C. Winkler,	Surgeon Solon Marks,
Captain Robert Hill,	Lieutenant Henry Niedecken,
Lieutenant Frank Anson,	Lieutenant Benj. F. Parker,
Captain Charles King,	Captain W. W. Rowley,
Lieutenant Dwight W. Keyes,	Captain James Sawyer,
Mr. Kossuth F. Kennan,	Captain George E. Sutherland,
Lieutenant George W. Peck,	Lieutenant Jerome A. Watrous,
Lieutenant Thos. L. Kennan,	Captain Wm. S. Stanley,
Lieutenant Walter Kempster,	Captain Wm. C. Swain,
Captain Irving M. Bean,	Lieutenant Arthur Holbrook,
Captain Thos. E. Balding,	Colonel Edward Bloodgood,
Lieutenant Edw. Ferguson,	Captain Oscar Mohr,
Lieutenant George H. Chase,	Mr. Joseph McC. Bell.

Preface.

HEADQUARTERS LOCAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE }
SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, }
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN. }

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee will hold its twenty-ninth reunion in this city on Wednesday and Thursday, October 27-28, 1897. You are cordially invited to be present. A reply is requested addressed to

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Chairman Local Executive Committee.

LOCAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Captain F. H. Magdeburg, *Chairman.*

Captain Otto C. Lademan, Colonel Cornelius Wheeler,

Major Moses Harris, Captain George I. Robinson,

Major Charles H. Ross,

Lieutenant Harry A. Valentin, Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
TWENTY-NINTH MEETING
OF THE
Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

RECORDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., *October 27, 1897.*

The twenty-ninth meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee was called to order at the hall of Wolcott Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, at the Academy of Music, in the city of Milwaukee, at 10 o'clock A. M., on October 27th, 1897, the President, General Grenville M. Dodge, in the chair.

The President:—Comrades of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, it gives me great pleasure to greet and welcome so many of you at our twenty-ninth reunion. Knowing the great northwest as I do, I also take great pleasure in greeting you for them.

The first business is the reading of the journal of the previous meeting.

Captain Madigan:—I move that we dispense with the reading of the journal, as it has been published and distributed.

The President:—Unless there is objection it will be so ordered; and, hearing none, it is so ordered.

The second order is the appointment of committees on business and for the nomination of officers. What is the pleasure of the Society?

Captain Everest:—I move that a committee of three be appointed on nomination of officers.

The motion prevailed and the President said that he would announce the committee later.

The President:—The next is the committee on orator. What is the pleasure of the Society as to that committee?

Captain Harding:—I move that the President appoint the usual committees.

The motion prevailed.

The President:—I will announce these committees later.

The Corresponding Secretary, General Andrew Hickenlooper, presented his report, as follows, and upon motion of Colonel Keeler, it was received and ordered placed on file for publication in the annual report:

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., October 27, 1897.

Mr. President and Members Society Army of the Tennessee:

GENTLEMEN:—As Corresponding Secretary of your Society I have the honor to report the performance of the ordinary assigned duties of my office, including the transmittal of the official notices of this meeting, of which but six—

Captain R. H. Brown, St. Louis, Mo.,
 Captain H. J. Gleason, Chicago, Ills.,
 Major W. C. Henry, Wellston, Ohio,
 Captain H. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo.,
 Ensign John B. Pratt, Tuxedo Park, Mo., and
 Mrs. Ella Rowett, Galena, Ills.,

have been returned undelivered, indicating changes in address of which we have not been advised.

It also becomes my painful official duty to submit a list of members of the Society whose deaths have been reported since date of our last meeting:

General Madison Miller,	St. Louis, Mo.,	February 27, 1896.
Colonel William Avery,	Woodstock, Ills.,	November 16, 1896.
Captain N. A. Merrell,	DeWitt, Iowa,	December 31, 1896.
General John D. Stevenson,	St. Louis, Mo.,	January 22, 1897.
General John E. Smith,	Chicago, Ills.,	January 29, 1897.
Lieutenant John B. Fidler,	Davenport, Iowa,	March 16, 1897.
Major George R. Steele,	Decatur, Ills.,	May 19, 1897.
Surgeon George F. French,	Minneapolis, Minn.,	July 13, 1897.
Lieutenant W. C. Clark,	Columbus, Ohio,	July 23, 1897.
Colonel D. W. C. Loudon,	Georgetown, Ohio,	September 19, 1897.

I have also heard rumors of the death of General M. M. Bane, but have been unable to obtain information as to circumstances of such rumored death. I will be pleased to communicate with any members possessing knowledge upon this subject.

Biographical sketches of these deceased members will appear in our next annual report.

In this connection I desire to again call attention of our members to my oft repeated request that they severally prepare and file with me brief biographical sketches of their lives and military services; information that the subject of the sketch is generally alone capable of compiling with sufficient accuracy in detail.

Letters from absent members are herewith submitted.

Also a communication from the "Omaha Commercial Club," inviting the Society to hold its next annual meeting in Omaha, Nebraska.

Very respectfully,

A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary.

When the names of members dying during the year were read, Captain Magdeburg recited the following poem:

Fear not for them, on these lower fields,
Let us labor with arms unstained,
That we may be worthy to stand with them
On the shining heights they have gained.
We will meet and greet in closing ranks,
In Time's declining sun,
When the bugles of God shall sound recall,
And the battle of life is won.

Our roster thins, as years pass on we drop off one by one;
Ere long, too soon, to yearly call, there will be answer, none;
Then, as along the record page those mourning columns creep,
The whisper comes—to closer still our living friendship keep.

Another thought we forward cast to that not distant day,
When left of all our gallant band will be one veteran gray,
And here's to him who meets alone wherever he may be
The last, the lone survivor of the grand old Tennessee.

This was followed by the sounding of taps by Bugler James Christenson. And a verse of "In the Sweet Bye and Bye" was sung.

TELEGRAMS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *October 25, 1897.*

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG:

The President desires me to express his great regret that other duties and appointments prevent his being present at the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee. And for myself I wish to say that I had fully expected to enjoy

that pleasure, but regret exceedingly to state that my official duties, as explained to General Dodge, will prevent me from doing so. The loss is mine.

R. A. ALGER.

OMAHA, NEB., *October 26, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER:

The last surviving Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff, Army of the Tennessee, sends greeting. Give him a place in your hearts to-day.

WM. T. CLARK.

DUBUQUE, IA., *October 27, 1897.*

GENERAL G. M. DODGE:

Wound not well enough for me to join you and my loved brethren; though shorter in person I am longer in affection for my brave comrades of the Army of the Tennessee.

D. B. HENDERSON.

CHICAGO, ILLS., *October 27, 1897.*

COLONEL C. CADLE,

Plankinton House, Milwaukee, Wis.

Pressure of work in court alone prevents my presence at the meeting of our grand old Society. If possible, will come to banquet. Kindest regards to Generals Dodge, Hickenlooper and the boys.

RICHARD S. TUTHILL.

COVINGTON, IND., *October 28, 1897.*

COLONEL C. CADLE,

Headquarters Army of the Tennessee, Plankinton House.

Would like to, but can't. Hope you will have as good a time as on March 5th, '65, at Cheraw.

J. R. DUNLAP.

LETTERS.

2219 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., }
WASHINGTON, D. C., *October 28, 1897.* }

MY BEST OF FRIENDS, GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE:

Thank you for asking me to meet "The Army of the Tennessee," and how I would love to do so, but I must again delegate to you, General, and to my son, Colonel Fred. (of whom I am so justly proud), the privilege of presenting my esteem and greetings to them all. And tell them for me, I feel

safe in the hope that they give to the family of General U. S. Grant, their old Commander, a warm place in their hearts.

Tell them that the light of his glorious fame (which they all helped him to win) still reaches out and falls upon and warms me, his wife.

JULIA DENT GRANT.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, *October 1, 1897.* }

GENERAL G. M. DODGE,

President Society Army Tennessee:

MY DEAR SIR:—The President requests me to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of recent date and to express his regret that his official duties and engagements will prevent him from attending the twenty-ninth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, October 27th–28th, to which you have so cordially invited him.

In the President's behalf I beg leave to thank you for your courtesy in this matter and to assure you of his hope that the reunion may be a most successful one.

Very truly yours,

G. B. CORTELYON,
Executive Clerk to the President.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, *October 19, 1897.* }

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have received, through you, the invitation of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee to attend its twenty-ninth reunion. It would give me great pleasure to do so, but my engagements require me to be in Ohio at the time stated.

Very truly yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *October 23, 1897.* }

GENERAL G. M. DODGE:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—Your very kind letter was duly received, and it would give me the greatest pleasure, and I should esteem it an honor to attend the coming reunion of the Army of the Tennessee at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. I fear, however, that official duties requiring my presence here will make it impossible for me to be away at that time.

Please convey to the members of the Society my deepest regret and most profound respect for the organization that has contributed so largely to the perpetuity of our institutions and the welfare of our common country.

I remain, with great respect,

Very sincerely yours,

NELSON A. MILES,
Major-General U. S. A.

Proceedings of the Society

NAVY DEPARTMENT, }
WASHINGTON, September 22, 1897. }

GENERAL G. M. DODGE,
President Society Army Tennessee:

MY DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your courteous letter of the 23d instant, conveying to me an invitation on behalf of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be present on the occasion of its twenty-ninth reunion at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

I regret exceedingly that the demands upon my time are such as to prevent my acceptance of the invitation. It is hardly necessary for me to say that it would give me great pleasure to meet the members of your Society, and that it is with regret that I feel compelled to decline.

With best wishes for the success of the reunion, I am,

Very truly yours,

JOHN V. LONG.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT. OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY, }
WASHINGTON, September 24, 1897. }

GENERAL G. M. DODGE,
President Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

MY DEAR SIR:—In the absence of Secretary Gage, I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 23d instant, in which you extend to him on behalf of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, an invitation to be present as its guest on the occasion of its reunion at Milwaukee on October 27th and 28th.

The Secretary is now in the West and will return before the dates you give. I regret to say that it will probably not be possible for him to return to the West again so soon. I am sure that if it were possible it would give him pleasure to be with you and to take part in the reunion.

Very truly yours,

F. A. ENDERLIP,
Acting Private Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, }
WASHINGTON, October 18, 1897. }

GENERAL G. M. DODGE,
President Society Army of the Tennessee:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I find that it will be impossible for me to go to Milwaukee on the 27th. I am laboring with my annual report and also trying to do just a little for General Tracy at home. I shall not have an hour to call my own for the next three weeks. Many thanks for your kind invitation.

Sincerely yours,

C. N. BLISS.

OFFICE OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL, }
WASHINGTON, *September 24, 1897.* }

GENERAL G. M. DODGE:

MY DEAR SIR:—I am very grateful to you for your kind invitation of the 23d instant, as President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to attend the reunion at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on October 27th and 28th next.

I assure you that I highly appreciate this invitation and the kindly sentiments which you express, and I do not think I need tell you how much pleasure it would give me to accept it. It is too early, however, for me to be able to determine whether I can accept, but I will bear the matter in mind and let you know at an early day, though I regret to say that the pressure of official business will probably prevent acceptance.

With renewed expressions of my appreciation of your courteous invitation, I am,
Very truly yours,

JAS. A. GARY.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE. }
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY, }
WASHINGTON, *September 24, 1897.* }

GENERAL G. M. DODGE,

President Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have your kind invitation to be present with the Army of the Tennessee at the reunion to be held in Milwaukee, October 27th and 28th, for which I very cordially thank you. I am sure I would enjoy myself if it were possible for me to go. My time is anticipated along those dates to such an extent that I do not dare to accept.

Hoping that you will have a very pleasant time, and that you will be edified and interested, I am,

Very truly yours,

JAMES WILSON.

OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL, }
WASHINGTON, *October 1, 1897.* }

GENERAL G. M. DODGE,

President Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

MY DEAR SIR:—The Attorney General directs me to acknowledge receipt of your kind invitation of the 24th ultimo, to be present at the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, October 27-28, and to express his sincere regrets at not being able to accept the same, in view of a prior engagement.

Very truly yours,

J. WALTER BLANDFORD,
Private Secretary.

Proceedings of the Society

STATE OF OHIO, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
 OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR, }
 COLUMBUS, *October 18, 1897.* }

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of the invitation to be present during the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held in Milwaukee, Wednesday and Thursday, October 27th and 28th. I regret exceedingly that my engagements in Ohio will prevent my acceptance.

Wishing you all success and a most pleasant reunion, I am,

Very cordially yours,

ASA S. BUSHNELL.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT. }
 ST. PAUL, *October 18, 1897.* }

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of an invitation to attend the twenty-ninth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held in Milwaukee on Wednesday and Thursday, October 27th and 28th, 1897. I regret very much that it will be impossible for me to be present on this occasion, owing to a previous engagement in this state.

Thanking you for the courtesy, I am,

Yours very truly,

D. M. CLOUGH,
Governor.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
 HARRISBURG, *October 18, 1897.* }

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

SIR:—General J. P. S. Gobin, Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation for October 27th and 28th, and to express his regret at being unable to accept the same, owing to important previous engagements.

Very respectfully,

THOS. J. STEWART,
Adjutant General G. A. R.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, EXECUTIVE OFFICE. }
 SPRINGFIELD, *October 20, 1897.* }

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

DEAR SIR:—I am instructed by the Governor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the twenty-ninth reunion of the Army of the

Tennessee in your city, and to say that official duties will make it impossible for him to accept.

J. MACK KANNER,
Private Secretary.

UNITED STATES SENATE. }
MADISON, WIS., *October 17, 1897.* }

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt, addressed to Senator Spooner, who is absent from the state, of invitation to be present at the twenty-ninth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, October 27-28.

Before leaving here Mr. Spooner received your telegraphic invitation and replied by wire on the 4th inst., as follows: "Thanks for compliment of invitation. Very much regret my inability to accept it, but expect to be in Ohio on that date." I hardly think Mr. Spooner will return to the state this month.

Yours very truly,

H. C. REED,
Secretary.

BURLINGTON, VT., *October 6, 1897.*

GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—The Doylestown people can not let me off, and I can not afford to lose the engagement, so that while I thank you with all my heart for your offer of generous hospitality *en route* to Milwaukee, I must lose the pleasure of going this year. Next year I will take time by the forelock and arrange for our anniversary—I mean if I shall be living.

Give my most cordial greetings to all who may inquire for me, for my heart is with our comrades of the war.

Ever gratefully your companion and friend,

O. O. HOWARD.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI, }
CHICAGO, ILLS., *October 4, 1897.* }

GENERAL G. M. DODGE,

President Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—Your note of the 29th ultimo, inviting myself and staff and the officers located in this city and at Fort Sheridan to be present at your next meeting in Milwaukee, was duly received. I have communicated your kind invitation to them all.

I am sorry that I will be absent on my tour of inspection at the time of your meeting. I well remember the very pleasant time we had at Council Bluffs some years ago, and regret exceedingly that it will be impossible, as matters now stand, for me to join you this year. I am,

Very truly yours,

JOHN R. BROOKE,
Major General.

Proceedings of the Society

PATERSON, N. J., *September 26, 1897.*

GENERAL G. M. DODGE,

President Society Army of the Tennessee:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have received your cordial invitation to attend the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held at Milwaukee, October 27th and 28th.

I regret that I can not personally thank you and your comrades at Milwaukee for your graciously expressed desire to have me with you, but in view of my engagements for the month of October, I can not look forward to the pleasure which I am sure the suggested visit would give me.

I thank you for your personal kind offer, and with sincere wishes for a pleasant and successful reunion, I am,

Yours very cordially,

GARRETT A. HOBART.

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND, }
WASHINGTON, *September 30, 1897.* }

GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE,

President Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—In behalf of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, I desire to extend to you most cordial thanks for your courteous and friendly invitation to attend the reunion of your Society on the 27th and 28th of October, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. I will take means to have this invitation made known to the members of our Society, and I have no doubt that a considerable number of our friends in Milwaukee and its vicinity will look in upon you during your most interesting exercises. Every member of our Society upon hearing of your invitation will respond with their thanks and the greatest cordiality.

The sorrowful fact to which you call attention, that the ranks of the old armies are growing smaller, binds all comrades more strongly as the years go by.

In the name of all the members of our Society, I extend to you sincere greeting and thanks for the invitation.

With great respect,

Very truly yours,

H. V. BOYNTON,
Corresponding Secretary.

BROOKLYN, *September 24, 1897.*

GENERAL G. M. DODGE,

President Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR GENERAL:—I shall take great pleasure in extending your invitation to the members of the Society of the Army of the Potomac.

Yours very truly,

HORATIO C. KING.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES. }
COMMANDERY-IN-CHIEF, }
PHILADELPHIA, *October 18, 1897.* }

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG:

DEAR CAPTAIN:—It would give me great pleasure to be with you at the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, but my duties will detain me here at that time.

Yours truly,

JOHN P. NICHOLSON.

UNITED STATES SENATE, }
WASHINGTON, *October 18, 1897.* }

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

MY DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 13th instant came duly to hand. My wife and I came on here to put our children in school. I shall hardly return to Milwaukee before Congress convenes unless compelled to do so by business. I have some work to do here and I expect to make some trips to the interesting spots in Virginia. Thanks for your invitation just the same.

Yours very truly,

JOHN L. MITCHELL.

WILMINGTON, DEL., *October 24, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I have hoped to the last that I would be able to attend the twenty-ninth reunion at Milwaukee, but find that it will be impossible, owing to important private business which I can not delegate to any one.

I wish you all a pleasant time, and with profound regrets that I can not be with you, I am,

Yours faithfully,

JAMES H. WILSON.

HAVANA, ILLS., *October 21, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER:

DEAR GENERAL:—I again enter a plea of disability for not attending the annual meeting of the "Army of the Tennessee" at Milwaukee, on the 27th and 28th of the present month.

I was no small boy when entering the military service in July, 1861, having nine years before that date been a member of the Illinois Senate, representing the Capital district, in which lived the immortal Lincoln—the best friend and constituent any senator ever had.

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At times I am reminded of the boy's top, that starts out buzzing around pretty lively, and at the wind-up going slow and wabbling for a while before toppling over.

I hope that you living members of this great military society may have a happy time at Milwaukee, notwithstanding it has been said that

"The happy are they that never existed,
And they that having lived exist no longer."

Yours truly,

J. M. RUGGLES.

NEW YORK, N. Y., *October 29, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER:

DEAR GENERAL:—My literary engagements, combined with those entered into for this week to aid in the election of Seth Low as mayor of this city, deprive me of the pleasure of meeting with the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at Milwaukee, on the 27th and 28th insts. I will only add that I should have greatly enjoyed, had I been at liberty to do so, being present at the reunion of 1897, and again taking by the hand some of my surviving comrades of the Vicksburg and other western campaigns. Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

JAS. GRANT WILSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., *October 18, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Cincinnati, Ohio:

MY DEAR HICKENLOOPER:—I very much regret to say that business of importance will prevent me from attending our reunion at Milwaukee on the 27th and 28th of this month. Kindly remember me to General Dodge, Colonels Cadle, Keeler and others, and trusting that you will have a successful reunion and a good one, I remain,

Yours truly,

FRED. WELKER.

BUNKER HILL, ILLS., *October 17, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER:

DEAR GENERAL:—I greatly regret my inability to attend the reunion this year. I beg my many friends to accept my sincere regards, and especially those who have sent me kind and cheering words in a time of sore necessity.

Sincerely yours,

F. Y. HEDLEY,
Late 32d Illinois.

FORT DODGE, IOWA, *October 19, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR GENERAL:—I have the invitation to be present at the twenty-ninth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. Much as it would gratify me to be present on that occasion, I do not anticipate being able to do so. I wish for all the survivors of the great events of that army a happy reunion.

C. C. CARPENTER.

PHILADELPHIA, *October 1, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Cincinnati, Ohio:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—By your notification of the 15th ult., I learn the reunion of our Society for the current year is about to take place. My heart and its dearest memories are ever with the Army of the Tennessee, and I should be indeed happy to meet with comrades October 27th and 28th, were it possible without neglecting important duties. This you know we must not do. The reunions are always in the West, and it consumes a week of my time to get there and back.

Yours very truly,

L. H. EVERTS.

KANSAS CITY, MO., *October 16, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR COMRADE:—In response to your circular of 15th ult., I answer that I will be unable to meet with my comrades of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee this year, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 27th and 28th instants, because of various good reasons. Consequently I can only send my heartiest greetings to all, and may God bless them. I remain as ever,

Yours faithfully,

ROBT. C. CROWELL.

NEW ORLEANS, *October 20, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR GENERAL:—The yellow fever which is said to be raging* here, but which in reality is so mild as hardly to be recognizable as our ancient foe, renders everything so desperately dull and ruins all business to such an extent that I feel neither justified nor able to leave, even to participate in an occasion bright and enjoyable as I know the annual reunion is sure to be. My best wishes for the health and happiness of all comrades present and absent.

Yours,

EDWARD JONAS.

CHICAGO, ILLS., *October 16, 1897.*CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

MY DEAR CAPTAIN:—Owing to the recent demise of my only brother, I doubt very much the propriety of being present on the occasion of the twenty-ninth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held at Milwaukee, on the 27th and 28th of this month. Both my brother and myself had an extensive acquaintance in Milwaukee, and I rather feel that it would be "braving public opinion" to participate in the coming reunion of the Society. However, I may possibly take the chances in that respect and eventually decide to be present. If not, I wish you would kindly turn over this letter to the corresponding secretary of the Society, and oblige,

Yours very truly,

GEO. H. HEAFFORD,
*Late Brevet Major U. S. Volunteers.*MEDIA, PA., *October 18, 1897.*

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG:

DEAR COMPANION:—It is with sorrow that I have to announce to you that it will be impossible to be present with you and others whom I so well knew thirty odd years ago, to attend the twenty-ninth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, which will meet in your beautiful city on the 27th and 28th of this month.

I fear that you have forgotten me during all of these intervening years since we first met at Corinth in 1862. Your face I distinctly remember, then in the heyday of youth, and, if you will permit me to add, beauty. You remember dear "Billy" Ware, of Blair's staff, who used playfully to call you the "Count." If he should be present at the reunion, share with yourself and other dear friends my sincere love and affection.

EDGAR T. MILLER.

CARBONDALE, ILLS., *October 26, 1897.*

DEAR GENERAL HICKENLOOPER:—After arranging my business affairs so as to permit my absence long enough to attend our twenty-ninth reunion at Milwaukee, I have been compelled to remain at home on account of sickness. I did not give it up until this morning—am now in bed writing with great difficulty.

Words can not express my disappointment. I love the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and each year seems to add to the strength of that love. Please convey my regrets to all the comrades. It is not necessary for me to bespeak a good time for those present, for that we always have and will as long as two are left.

Yours sincerely,

SAMUEL T. BRUSH.

CINCINNATI, *October 19, 1897.*

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Chairman Committee:

It is with great regret that I can not attend the twenty-ninth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. If it was in my power I certainly would be with you.

With best wishes for the success of the meeting and greatest enjoyment of all attending, I am,

Yours truly,

J. C. BANKS.

COLUMBUS, O., *October 25, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

DEAR GENERAL:—I deeply regret that I will be unable to be present at the twenty-ninth meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

Kind wishes and a good time to all.

Yours sincerely,

THEO. JONES.

CINCINNATI, *October 23, 1897.*

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

MY DEAR CAPTAIN:—I have delayed replying to your kind invitation to attend the twenty-ninth reunion in hopes that I should be able to attend, which I now find impossible and for which I am very sorry, as I am very much attached to our Society and look forward with pleasure to these annual reunions and meetings of old comrades.

With our declining years the feeling grows that we shall soon all be mustered out, and for this reason should see each other as often as possible. I know you will have a good time in your beautiful city, so full of patriotism and good feeling for the old veterans, and I am very sorry I can't be with you. With kindest regards,

Yours truly,

E. V. CHERRY.

WASHINGTON, *October 25, 1897.*

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

DEAR SIR:—I regret to be obliged to announce to you and through you to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, that I will be unable to attend its annual meeting on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. I am detained here by important business and must forego the pleasure it always is to me to participate in the reunion of our grand old Society.

Please convey my fraternal greetings to all the comrades present and rest assured that I shall follow the proceedings of your meeting with intense interest.

Very truly yours,

HENRY A. CASTLE.

DAYTON, *October 20, 1897.*

LIEUTENANT HARRY A. VALENTIN,

Secretary Local Executive Committee:

DEAR LIEUTENANT:—Your circular of 13th inst. at hand. It was my intention to attend our twenty-ninth reunion and again meet old army friends, but can not, on account of the death of my fourteen-year-old daughter Ernestine. We buried her yesterday. Give kind greetings to all old comrades.

Yours truly,

LOUIS KELLER.

CANAL DOVER, OHIO, *October 26, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I regret exceedingly that I can not be with you this year. With best wishes for all members of the "Army of the Tennessee" and that you may all feel as well as you did when you took Vicksburg, Atlanta, Savannah, and Johnson's army, at the beautiful city of Milwaukee, is the desire of your comrade,

GEO. H. HILDT.

CINCINNATI, *September 30, 1897.*

GENERAL G. M. DODGE,

President Society Army of the Tennessee:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I have received your letter of the 27th, extending an invitation to be present as the guest of the Society at its reunion at Milwaukee, October 27th next. I can not express to you how highly I appreciate the honor, nor my regret at not being able to accept the invitation.

Referring to your kind mention of the "Orphan Army" literature, permit me to say that if the perusal of the paper gives any member of your Society as much pleasure as the collection of the data afforded me—so great was my interest—I shall be amply repaid.

Again thanking you, General, I am,

Yours very truly,

F. B. JAMES.

WAUKESHA, WIS., *October 27, 1897.*

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,

Chairman of Committee, etc.:

MY DEAR CAPTAIN:—On account of the most serious illness of a member of my family, I am not able to attend any of the sessions of our Society

this week, so I return you herewith the three tickets kindly sent me, as I suppose all available seats will be in requisition.

Regretting that I shall not have the pleasure of meeting with you, I am,
Very sincerely yours,

FRANK K. PUTNEY.

DETROIT, MICH., *October 19, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I regret that ill health will prevent my attending the twenty-ninth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at Milwaukee, October 27th and 28th.

It would give me great pleasure to be present to participate in the festivities and proceedings of the occasion, which no doubt will be as enjoyable as those of previous years.

With kindest regards to all present, and hoping their lives may be prolonged to enjoy many more of these reunions, I am,

Yours faithfully,

A. M. TUCKER,
Late Brevet Colonel and A. Q. M. Vols.

LA PORTE, IND., *October 25, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR GENERAL:—I was in hopes of being able to attend the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at Milwaukee, but I find now I shall not be able to do so. I know you will have a grand time, and I am much disappointed not to be there.

With best wishes for the occasion, and kind regards to all,

Very truly,

HORACE WARDNER.

DAYTON, O., *October 21, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary:

DEAR GENERAL:—Up to this date I fully expected to attend the annual reunion of the Army of the Tennessee to be held at Milwaukee, on the 27th and 28th, but now, greatly to my regret, I find that business and other engagements will render it impossible.

Trusting that the twenty-ninth reunion will prove to the participants one of the most enjoyable yet held, and with a comrade's hearty greeting to all the survivors of that gallant army, I am,

Very truly yours,

JOHN N. BELL.

WAUSAUKEE, WIS., *October 20, 1897.*GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR GENERAL:—You may remember me as with Colonel Bryant of the 12th Wisconsin—a time at General Blair's headquarters in quartermaster's department—and for last years of the war General Leggett's ordnance officer. I was a member of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee for some years, immediately after the war, but distance, business demands and expense caused me to drop my membership. Could I be reinstated, which I should much prefer to joining now as a new member? I should like to meet with you in Milwaukee.

Yours respectfully,

H. P. BIRD.

General Force may also have some recollection of me.

MARION, IND., *October 26, 1897.*GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

DEAR GENERAL:—I regret exceedingly my inability to attend the twenty-ninth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at Milwaukee, and to participate in the same.

Yours respectfully,

W. S. MARSHALL.

CHICAGO, *October 21, 1897.*CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your kind invitation to the twenty-ninth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, 27th and 28th insts. I am sorry to say that I will not be able to attend.

Fraternally yours,

GEO. W. EMERSON.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., *October 19, 1897.*CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

DEAR SIR AND COMPANION:—Your invitation to the twenty-ninth reunion Tennessee Society is received. I fully intended to be there. I fear that it will be impossible to get away from the meshes of the U. S. Court. It is my luck to have something come on such days that makes my visits few, and I skipped the Cumberland meeting in the same way. I particularly desired to go with Mrs. Hall to this meeting because of the cordial invitation of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Dexter to visit them on this occasion, for they are our

old friends; besides, I am fond of Milwaukee itself. But I can't come unless a gap opens that I can not now see.

I hope you will have a good old time and keep "Old Glory" flying.

Yours truly,

HAMILTON W. HALL,
59th Ills. Infantry.

Lately on staff Jeff. C. Davis.

ST. LOUIS, MO., *October 24, 1897.*

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Chairman:

DEAR CAPTAIN:—Accept my thanks for your kind invitation to attend the twenty-ninth annual reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, and my regret that I shall be unable to attend, owing to the present condition of my health. Wishing you an enjoyable time, I remain,

Very truly,

R. H. BROWN.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, *October 25, 1897.*

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

MY DEAR COMRADE:—I had hoped to attend the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, in your city, on the 27th and 28th days of this month. I regret my inability to be with you and enjoy the pleasure of meeting old comrades and friends, and also to enjoy with them the feast of song and story you will surely have.

Yours truly,

D. A. MULVANE.

WASHINGTON, *October 24, 1897.*

MY DEAR GENERAL DODGE:—On my return from Tennessee last night I found your kind letter of the 21st. I do not know where your previous one has gone. I did not receive it, or I should surely have answered it immediately. I am exceedingly sorry that I can not have the pleasure of being with the grand old Army of the Tennessee at its reunion this year, as each year is the last to so many of us, that I always fear it may be the last opportunity for me to meet and greet the gallant survivors who followed my illustrious husband in so many battles and who shared in the dangers and victories that made the Army of the Tennessee immortal. Convey to them my best wishes and sincere regards.

Trusting, dear General, that you may long be spared to preside over the Society and participate in the festivities and pleasures of each recurring reunion, I am,

Very truly yours,

MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

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HILLSIDE, ST. LOUIS, *October 25, 1897.*

MY DEAR CAPTAIN MAGDEBURG:—It will not be possible for me to come to Milwaukee for the twenty-ninth reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, much to my regret. I hope you will all enjoy yourselves as much as I did last year. Please remember me most kindly to the "speech-making lady," and to Mrs. Higley also.

Very sincerely yours,

CAROLINE KEMPER BULKLEY.

NEW YORK, *October 13, 1897.*

MY DEAR GENERAL DODGE:—This morning, recognizing the source of a note addressed to my father, as from you, I opened the same to see if in his absence there was not an answer I might give to it.

My father is in Europe, and will not return until towards the end of November. His absence thus accounts for the fact that you have not received an answer to the previous note of invitation mentioned in this one of yesterday. I hope, my dear General, that you are enjoying the best of health and that you will enjoy the reunion at Milwaukee very much.

Very sincerely yours,

HAIDEE WILLIAMSON.

CHARITON, IA., *October 20, 1897.*

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG,

Chairman:

DEAR SIR:—I greatly regret that I cannot be present at the coming reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at Milwaukee.

I trust it may be a very pleasant reunion, and with kind regards to all my husband's old friends, I am,

Yours truly,

MRS. W. H. GIBBON.

BUNKER HILL, ILLS., *October 1, 1897.*

CAPTAIN F. H. MAGDEBURG:

MY DEAR SIR:—I regret exceedingly that I cannot attend the twenty-ninth reunion of the Army of the Tennessee.

Very sincerely,

MARY HARLAN HEDLEY.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, *October 26, 1897.*

DEAR GENERAL:—I shall have to forego the pleasure of meeting with my husband's old comrades this year, much to my regret.

MRS. CAROLINE BARBER.

ST. LOUIS, *October 26, 1897.*

COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE:

MY DEAR COLONEL:—Captain Albert S. Bixby, of Danville, Ill., a member of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, died October 9th, 1897.

Will you kindly announce it at the forthcoming meeting? He was of my old regiment and company, in our old Army from start to finish, a brave faithful soldier, and a steadfast friend. I will send you an obituary later.

I am disconsolate that I cannot meet with the dear old boys at Milwaukee, but, as I explained to you in Philadelphia, I find it impossible.

If any of them remembers the undersigned, give 'em my love.

Sincerely,

W. R. HODGES.

LEWISTON, ILLS., *October 21, 1897.*

DEAR COLONEL:—Your kind letter of the 14th inst. came duly to hand, for which you have my thanks. I regret very much that it will not be possible for me to attend the meeting of the Army of the Tennessee on the 27th and 28th insts. Trusting that the members in attendance will have their usual good and enjoyable time, and with kindest wishes to all, I am,

Very truly yours,

LEONARD F. ROSS.

TO COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

CADIZ, OHIO, *October 22, 1897.*

COLONEL C. CADLE,
Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR COLONEL:—I find that it will be impossible for me to leave home next week for the reunion of the grand old Army of the Tennessee. I regret it very much.

Hope that you will have a royal good time.

Yours truly,

EZRA MCCONNELL.

NASHVILLE, ILLINOIS, *October 25th, 1897.*

COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE,
Recording Secretary Society Army Tennessee, Milwaukee, Wis.:

DEAR COLONEL:—I had made all my arrangements to attend the twenty-ninth annual reunion of the Society Army Tennessee, October 27th and 28th, but on account of the death of a friend I will not be able to attend.

I looked forward to this reunion with a great deal of pleasure, and I assure you that it is a great disappointment to me not to be able to be with you, knowing that you will have a grand, good time.

I am, with best wishes to all the officers and members of the Society,

Very truly yours,

L. KRUGHOFF.

CHICAGO, October 26, 1897.

COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE,

*Recording Secretary Society of Army of the Tennessee, care Plank-
ington House, Milwaukee, Wis.:*

COMRADE:—I had contemplated having the pleasure of meeting with the "boys" *this time* anyway, and *may* make it yet, but at this writing it looks as if I should be disappointed as usual. Frowe, Barnum and others who understand the nature of my work, know that it is impossible to lay it out, or anticipate it; it must be taken up as it comes.

Remember me to our good President, my old friend Hickenlooper, and any others who may perchance enquire after me.

Yours sincerely,

B. T. WRIGHT.

Lieut.-Colonel 15th Mo. Vol., late 22d Ohio Vols.

CENTERVILLE, IOWA, October 25, 1897.

COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE,

Army of the Tennessee, Milwaukee:

DEAR COLONEL:—In consequence of other engagements which I cannot postpone, it will not be possible for me to attend the twenty-ninth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, but my good wishes will be with you, and I hope you will have a pleasant and enjoyable meeting.

Yours sincerely,

CORNELIUS A. STANTON.

QUINCY, ILL., October 25, 1897.

COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE,

Secretary Society of Army of the Tennessee, Milwaukee, Wis.:

MY DEAR COLONEL:—It is with much regret that I am compelled to report myself "absent" from this meeting. I had anticipated great pleasure at the coming meeting at Milwaukee, but a combination of circumstances "order" otherwise. I wish you all a happy annual "love feast."

With kindest regards to all, I remain,

Yours truly,

E. B. HAMILTON.

DENVER, COLO., October 25, 1897.

COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE:

DEAR COLONEL:—I received the circular from local committee, and again I am compelled to deny myself the very great pleasure of attending the annual meeting of our Society.

It was very thoughtful and kind of the committee to furnish that map of the city, locating Pabst's brewery.

I think it would be a good plan for the boys to pin a copy in their hats.

I have been in Milwaukee. I *know* you will have a splendid meeting. Best wishes to all.

Yours fraternally,

ALBERT A. PERKINS.

DETROIT, MICH., *October 26, 1897.*

COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE,

Secretary Society Army of the Tennessee:

MY DEAR COLONEL:—I regret, beyond measure, my inability to be present at the reunion this week, on account of other engagements which must be met.

I trust you may have a large attendance and a rousing good time.

Sincerely yours,

L. H. CHAMBERLIN.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, *October 25, 1897.*

COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE,

Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

MY DEAR COLONEL:—I am very sorry that I cannot attend our twenty-ninth meeting, for I love the Society and its glorious memories. I am nearly eighty years old, and too feeble to make the trip.

My warmest regards to General Dodge, Stibbs, and the others.

Your old friend,

HENRY O'CONNOR.

15 EAST SEVENTY-FOURTH ST., }
NEW YORK, *October 19, 1897.* }

COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE,

Cincinnati, Ohio:

MY DEAR COLONEL:—I extremely regret that several important engagements prevent me from attending the Milwaukee reunion next week.

Yours sincerely,

JAS. GRANT WILSON.

LA MOILLE, ILL., *September 23, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Army of Tennessee:

DEAR COMRADE:—I am again reminded that the time for the twenty-ninth reunion of the Army of the Tennessee is near at hand. From present indications I shall not be able to attend.

With kind regards to all who may be present, and wishing them the usual good fellowship meeting, I remain,

Very respectfully,

R. B. FRARY,

Late Captain Co. G, 139 Reg. Ills. Vol. Infly.

KOKOMO, IND., *October 20, 1897.*

MY DEAR COLONEL CADLE:—I regret I will not be able to go to Milwaukee on the 26th inst. With best wishes to all, I am,
Yours very truly,

CHAS. W. SMITH.

The Recording Secretary presented his report, which, upon motion of Captain Fegan, was received and ordered printed in yearly volume. It is as follows:

RECORDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, *October 26, 1897.*

GENERAL G. M. DODGE,

President:

GENERAL:—I have the honor to submit the following report:

Since the last meeting in St. Louis in November, 1896, I have published and distributed to our members the report of that, the twenty-eighth meeting of our Society.

Since the date of that meeting I have collected on account of fees, dues, and interest upon the Dayton legacy:

Permanent Fund,	\$ 70 00
General Fund,	118 00
Interest on Dayton Fund,	285 00

Total,	<u>\$473 00</u>
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And this amount has been duly transmitted to our Treasurer.

Very respectfully,

CORNELIUS CADLE,
Recording Secretary.

The Treasurer presented his report. It is as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT.

STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, OHIO, *October 23, 1897.*

MR. PRESIDENT:—I respectfully submit the following report of the treasury of the Society for the past year:

PERMANENT FUND.

There was in this fund at the last report:

Government bonds, \$10,500.00, and Cash.....	\$312 79
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RECEIVED.

Interest on bonds, three quarters, \$105.00 each quarter,	\$315 00
Interest on bonds, one quarter,	95 00
Membership fees,	70 00
By sale of bond No. 48,929,	1,112 50
Total,	<u>\$1,905 29</u>

EXPENDED.

Transferred to General Fund,	845 84
Balance,	1,059 45

GENERAL FUND.

RECEIVED.

Members' annual dues,	\$118 00
Transfer from Permanent Fund,	845 84
Transfer from Dayton Fund,	285 00
Total,	<u>\$1,248 84</u>

EXPENDED.

Rent of office, Cincinnati,	\$300 00
Rent of box in "Safe Deposit," Cincinnati,	5 00
Insurance on books, furniture and records,	15 00
Stenographic report of last meeting,	50 00
Printing the report,	648 90
Expressing copies of the report,	84 59
Printing electrotype copies of the Society's badge, ...	25
Miscellaneous printing,	145 10
Total,	<u>\$1,248 84</u>

DAYTON FUND.

Interest received,	\$285 00
Transferred to General Fund,	285 00

REMAINING IN TREASURY.

Government Bonds,	\$9,500 00
Cash,	1,059 45

The resident committee of Milwaukee have not drawn the \$500.00, to which they are entitled, for the expense of the reunion. This is an outstanding obligation, leaving a balance of only \$559.45, available to meet the expense of the coming year. The cost of the coming year will probably be about the same as the cost of the past year. In that case the sale of the \$500.00 bond would be just sufficient, with the balance from this year, and the income to meet the expense of the year, up to, and including the meeting of 1898. There will be, substantially, no cash balance remaining after that meeting, and it will be necessary to sell two \$1,000.00 bonds for the ensuing year, ending with and including the meeting in 1899; one bond for \$1,000.00 for the year ending with and including the meeting of 1900; two bonds for the meeting in 1901; one bond for the year 1902; two bonds for the meeting in the year 1903; and one bond for the year 1904. At that date the funds will have been exhausted, except the Dayton fund of \$5,000.00; the interest of which is bequeathed to the Society.

M. F. FORCE,
Treasurer.

Captain Harding moved that the report be received and printed with the proceedings, and that the Treasurer be authorized to sell the \$500.00 bond referred to.

Colonel Cadle:—I desire to suggest that the Treasurer be not limited. It may not take \$500.00, and it may take more. I suggest that he simply be authorized to sell such bonds as may be necessary.

Captain Harding:—I accept the amendment.
The motion as amended prevailed.

The President announced the following committees:

On officers for the ensuing year:

Captain J. G. Everest, Captain W. B. Leach, General Smith
D. Atkins, Colonel William L. Barnum and Captain Chas. O.
Patier.

On location of next meeting:

General C. C. Walcutt, Major C. H. Smith, Major George
Mason, Major F. P. Muhlenburg, Major Wm. E. Ware.

On orator:

Captain A. J. Harding, General John McArthur, Colonel

William B. Keeler, Captain C. W. Fracker, Captain Randolph Sry.

The President:—The next business is the report of the committee on the Sherman Monument, and Colonel Cadle, the secretary of the committee, will make a statement.

Colonel Cadle:—The last meeting of the Sherman Monument Committee was held at St. Louis, at the time of the last reunion of the Society. A full record of that meeting and our action there, together with all the action during the year, is published in the last volume, and the business transacted during the six years before that is shown in the several volumes covering those years. There is no special report to be made by the committee, except a simple statement that the artist has commenced his work. An Act of Congress was passed, through the efforts of Colonel Henderson of our Society, authorizing the artist to erect a studio upon the President's park, right on the spot, or close to the spot where the monument is to stand. That studio has been erected, and he is modeling his figures upon a car, and has a track by which they may be run out in front, so as to show them in the sunlight. The time for completing the monument was four years from the time the contract was made, which was November of last year, so that there is about three years' time yet for him to complete it. In connection with this matter I submit the financial report of General John W. Noble, the treasurer of the Sherman Statue Committee of our Society:

ST. LOUIS, MO., *October 27th, 1897.*

JOHN W. NOBLE, *Treasurer,*

In Account with Sherman Statue Committee (Society of the Army of the Tennessee).

1897.

DR.

Jan. 1,	To amount received as successor of Colonel Jas. F. How, on account with St. Louis Trust Co. (St. Louis, Mo.)	\$7,121 39
June 30,	Interest,	78 14
		<hr/> \$7,199 53

1897.

CR.

Jan. 12,	By check to Carl Rohl-Smith on his agreement,	2,000 00
	Balance,	<hr/> \$5,199 53

The above is hereby submitted as the true account of myself as Treasurer of the Sherman Statue Committee, as of this date.

JOHN W. NOBLE,
Treasurer.

TO COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE,
Secretary.

I don't know of any other information that I can give, unless some one desires to ask questions. General Dodge can tell more about it.

The President:—Is there any member of the Society who desires any information? I can simply add to what Colonel Cadle has stated, that good progress has been made in the work, and the Chief of Engineers, General Wilson, informed me in Philadelphia last week, that next year he should ask for an appropriation of ten thousand dollars or more to put the grounds, something near two acres, I think it is, in proper condition to receive the monument. The War Department takes a great interest in this matter, and I desire to express my thanks to the former Secretary of War, Colonel Lamont, for the active part he took in this matter, and he certainly took as much interest in it as any member of the Society, and was a great aid in moving the matter forward. Of course, the Secretary of War now, who is a member of our own Society, will not let the matter lag.

The report of the committee on the Grant monument. Colonel Cadle is secretary of that committee also, and he will please make a report.

Colonel Cadle:—The condition of the Grant monument matter is just as it was at the end of our last meeting, and the report is in our book. A bill is before Congress, pending in the Military Committee. Under the financial conditions of the government, it has not been thought best to permit that bill to come up, and there has been nothing more done. It will probably be reported and acted upon before very long.

The President:—The next business is the consideration of the proposed amendment to the constitution, which the Corresponding Secretary will read.

General Hickenlooper:—I will read all that was said on that subject at the last annual meeting, and also the proposed amendment, on page 120.

General Hickenlooper then read from the proceedings of the twenty-eighth meeting of the Society:

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

That the Fifth Amendment to the Third Amendment be amended by adding the following:

"The sons and daughters who have heretofore been designated by members as their successors, and also the sons and daughters who may hereafter be nominated for membership by any such member, shall be entitled to membership, if of legal age, upon the payment of the fees and dues prescribed in the Third Amendment to the by-laws.

"And the sons and daughters, when of legal age, of any deceased officer who was entitled to membership by creditable service in the Army of the Tennessee, but who died without becoming a member of the Society, may, upon written application, approved by the President and a majority vote of the members present at any regularly called meeting of the Society, become a member, but any such membership shall be subject to the payment of the fees and dues heretofore specified."

Colonel Cadle:—Mr. President, this amendment needs a slight verbal addition. It relates to sons and daughters. In some cases there are no sons or daughters, and the nearest relative of the member has been designated. I therefore move that wherever the words "sons and daughters" occur in this amendment the words "or other relatives" be added.

The President:—You have heard the amendment. Does any comrade desire to make any remarks? All in favor of the adoption of the amendment, suggested by Colonel Cadle, will signify by saying aye.

The motion prevailed.

Major Plummer:—I move that we adopt the amendment to the constitution as amended under Colonel Cadle's motion.

The motion prevailed.

Captain Sexton:—If it is in order, I move that Judge Raymond, whose application is on file, be elected a member of the Society.

The motion prevailed.

Colonel Cadle:—There are certain applications for honorary membership, and for membership by sons and daughters, which I will read.

Colonel Cadle read the following applications and designations of successors:

Captain L. H. Chamberlin, his son DeWit Warren Chamberlin.

Captain J. D. Fegan, his son Charles P. Fegan.

Colonel Theo. Jones, his son L. Ewing Jones.

General John McArthur, his son John McArthur, Jr.
Captain George Ady, his daughter Mabel Gray Ady.
Colonel Lewis B. Parsons, his son Charles-L. Parsons.
Major F. P. Muhlenburg, his daughter Bessie C. Muhlenberg.
Captain George A. Busse, his son Fred. A. Busse.
Major Patrick Flynn, his daughter Mary Isabella Flynn.
Colonel Wm. H. Plunkett, his son Lieut. Chas. P. Plunkett, U. S. N.
Colonel A. M. Tucker, his daughter Elizabeth Tucker Hallock.
Captain S. A. L. Law, his son Harry V. Law.
Captain J. W. McElravy, his son Robt. C. McElravy.
Captain Geo. W. Emerson, his daughter Nellie May Emerson.
Mrs. W. H. Gibbon, her grandson Henry Gibbon McCollough.

The following names were proposed for honorary membership:

By General John McArthur:

Mrs. Aurelia Towne, widow of Majqr O. C. Towne.

By Colonel Cornelius Cadle:

Mrs. Elizabeth Clark, widow of Lieutenant Warren C. Clark.

The President:—The passage of this amendment gives any and all of the family of any member the right to become members of this Society by simple application and paying the dues to the Recording Secretary. It requires no further action of the Society. Further, any of the family of any officer of the Army of the Tennessee who is dead, by making application to the Society and paying the dues, can also become members. In case there are no members of the family direct, such as son or daughter, the relative next in line can become a member by making the application. That is, we have opened the doors of our Society so as to bring in the young people, so that they can see and become acquainted with the old veterans. We say, who have seen Grant and Sherman, that we want them in touch with us, so that they can say they have seen you, and take your memories and histories down with them. That is the object of the amendment.

We will take these applications as read in a body. All in favor of their becoming members of the Society will signify it by saying aye.

The vote was unanimously in the affirmative.

General Chetlain:—There is a case like this, that was brought to my attention not long since. Colonel Mulligan served in the Army of the Tennessee, but died in the eastern army. His oldest daughter is very anxious to become a member of this Society.

Under our present ruling, and under our present rules, can she make application.

The President:—She can make application, and become a member of the Society.

General Chetlain:—She wishes to make that application.

The President:—All she has to do is to make the application to the Society, and bring it in.

General Chetlain:—I will bring in the application. I only wanted to know if the rules covered a case of that kind.

Colonel Cadle:—Under the ruling of the President, in accordance with this amendment to the constitution, an application made by a member of the Society, for his son or daughter, they being of age, accompanied by the fee, ten dollars membership, and one dollar a year dues, will secure their admission to the Society, and make them full members.

Major Edwards:—Without a vote?

Colonel Cadle:—Yes sir.

Major Edwards:—Any time during the year?

Colonel Cadle:—Any time during the year.

Colonel Pierce:—Colonel Cadle says an application for son or daughter. I understand the whole family can come in.

The President:—Yes, in a body. Bring them all in.

Colonel Cadle:—Where there are no sons or daughters, the member may designate one of his relatives to succeed him, and he may be a member now.

Captain Ogg:—Are we to understand that more than one member of a family can come in?

Colonel Cadle:—All of them.

General Pierson:—General Dodge has said that it took the whole family. I understand that it only provides for the children of legal age. Am I correct?

The President:—Yes, that is right.

Captain Matteson:—I notice that part of these members, the sons and daughters, must be voted upon, while the others are not to be voted upon. There is an incongruity in the amendments.

General Hickenlooper:—The situation is perfectly consistent, namely, the sons and daughters, or in their absence the relatives,

of any member of the Society, can become members. In case an application is made by a son, daughter, or relative, of an officer who died in the service without ever having become a member of the Society, such applicant can become a member upon proper application approved by the President, and a majority vote of the Society.

The President:—Comrades of the Society, it is with the greatest pleasure that I present to you General Edward S. Bragg, the commander of the Iron Brigade of the west, the most celebrated brigade, or one of two of the most celebrated brigades of the war. The two most distinguished brigades were the Iron Brigade, of the west, commanded by General Bragg, and the Vermont Brigade.

General Bragg:—I am delighted to meet you all, members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, but I am absolutely astonished that a man of the age and soldierly qualities of your President, should forget that there is a time in life that comes to most of us when taffy is not near so agreeable or so sweet as once it was. I am very much pleased, as I said, to meet you, and I hope to be able to join you at your banquet, and listen to what you gentlemen from the Tennessee can say, or, as I say when talking to Wisconsin soldiers, what the boys can say of themselves. There is no question about the pleasure it will give me, but I have great doubts whether business will permit me to be here. If I can arrange the work so as to get round, I will be here and listen to you. I am not in a condition to make you a speech, and I was assured that I would not be called upon to attempt it. I thank your President, and I thank you for listening to me.

General Chetlain presented the following application from Mrs. J. C. Carroll, the oldest daughter of Colonel James A. Mulligan, who died in battle in 1864:

I respectfully designate Mrs. J. C. Carroll, the oldest daughter of the late Colonel J. A. Mulligan, who died in battle in 1864.

A. L. CHETLAIN.

On motion the application was approved by vote of the Society.

Colonel Shaw offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Society of the Army of the Tennessee reaffirms and emphasizes its endorsement of the bill now pending in Congress, to establish a national military park to commemorate the campaign, siege and defense of Vicksburg.

Resolved, That the committee, named at the St. Louis meeting, to promote the passage of this bill, be continued; and it is hereby instructed to make every effort to secure its passage at an early date during the approaching session.

Resolved, That the Corresponding Secretary be, and is hereby instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to Comrade William McKinley, President of the United States; Thomas B. Reed, Speaker of the House; Senator Joseph R. Hawley, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs; Secretary of War Alger and John A. T. Hull, Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs.

Captain Everest:—Mr. President, perhaps it would be well for me to make a verbal report of the action of the committee that you appointed last year to call upon the Speaker of the House of Representatives and attempt to have this bill brought before Congress.

The committee consists of General Dodge, General Hickenlooper, Major Hoyt Sherman, Colonel Cole, Captain Rigby, Colonel Grant and myself. There may be one other. Five of that committee visited Washington last January, and went before Speaker Reed. He came into his private office, and gave us an hour. Each of the committee had something to say. Colonel Grant made a very eloquent appeal to the Speaker to have the bill brought up, and we all had something to say on it. Speaker Reed said that the expenditures of the government would so far exceed the income that he did not feel warranted in allowing that bill to come up before Congress at that time. He afterwards told me at the Shoreham hotel in Washington that he was not opposed to the bill, and at the proper time he would be in favor of it. I think there is no doubt, if the proper effort is made before the Fifty-fourth Congress, that the bill will come up and pass at an early date, and I would like to call upon Captain Rigby, who was a very active member of the committee, and was in Washington with us, to make a short statement with reference to what was done.

Captain Rigby:—Mr. President and companions of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee: I think it is not necessary for me to take your time. Captain Everest has told in substance what was done by the committee. I will say to you, however, that the Grand Army of the Republic, in its encampment at Buffalo,

appointed a committee to urge the passage of this bill, precisely as you have the matter under advisement now, and I wish to say to you that almost all of the departments of the Grand Army that had troops at Vicksburg have named similar committees. I will say further, that the commanderies of the Loyal Legion having troops at Vicksburg have named similar committees to promote the passage of this bill; so that if there is need to urge this matter, which it does not seem to me there is, because, as Captain Everest has said, I think nothing but the condition of the treasury prevented the passage of the bill last winter. I say, if it becomes necessary to press this matter upon Congress and upon Speaker Reed, for, as we all know, the first thing is to gain Speaker Reed, and to get his consent that the bill may be considered, we have ample means to do it. We understand the situation, and we understand also that the country is under obligations to Speaker Reed for the firmness with which he stood against many appropriations, in the exhausted condition of the treasury. If it becomes necessary to bring pressure, you will see, comrades of the Army of the Tennessee, that we are in very good condition to make a very strong pressure for the passage of this bill. I do not think it will be necessary at all. I can say to you that I believe, with Captain Everest, that the bill can and will be passed at an early date during the coming session of Congress.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Colonel Cadle:—Mr. President, General Sherman said of General Mower that no braver soldier nor more honest man ever lived. General Mower died poor; so poor that his staff had to bear the expense of transporting his body from New Orleans to Arlington, where it now lies unmarked. His widow is in receipt of a pension, but has a family to support; one daughter entirely dependent and an invalid; the widow has to care for her. It is impossible for her to mark the grave. I move that a committee be appointed by the President of this Society to ask Congress for a small appropriation for the purpose of erecting a monument to General Mower in Arlington.

The President:—Comrades, I have had several letters from the widow of General Mower. It is too late in the day now to ask soldiers to raise monuments to their comrades. It is no longer their duty. It is the duty of the government, and I heartily am in accord with the motion of Colonel Cadle, that Congress should be

asked for an appropriation to erect a proper monument there to so celebrated a soldier as General Mower, and especially as he is buried in Arlington. All in favor of the motion will signify by saying aye.

The motion prevailed unanimously.

The President:—The Chair will announce the committee tomorrow. Is there any other business to come before the Society?

Captain Magdeburg:—There will be carriages at the Plankinton House, and some omnibuses, to take the members of the Society and their friends for a drive through our city. It is late to make the announcement, but I had to wait a little upon the weather. I did not want to take the chances of stormy weather. We have made arrangements so that the carriages will be ready at 2 o'clock at the Plankinton House, sufficient to carry the members present and the invited guests.

A member:—How about the ladies?

Captain Magdeburg:—Oh, the ladies, of course. It is expected that the members will take their wives. We old fellows all stick close to our wives now. The program for Plymouth church will commence at 8 o'clock sharp. The band has orders to commence playing at 8 o'clock, and all the members who have not tickets for the entertainment will call on me, and they will be supplied. After the entertainment is closed I have arranged with the Woman's Relief Corps to give us a little "blow-out" here. I don't know whether most of you know what that means. If you will come you will find out. It will be right here in these rooms, and the Loyal Legion rooms. These rooms will be open for the entertainment just as long as you want to stay. The Loyal Legion rooms are right here adjoining, and in those rooms at the present moment are a few refreshments that will strengthen you for the ride. Right after this meeting it will be ready for you. I want you to be ready for the ride, because we want to show you our beautiful city; and be ready at 2 o'clock, because everything goes off sharp in military order.

We will move promptly from the hotel to the church at least a quarter before 8. As I stated in the circular, the street railway company will stop cars in front of the hotel entrance. The conductors have been instructed for that purpose.

General Hickenlooper:—It has been suggested that I should

inquire whether the invitation to the strengthening influences of the inner room also includes the ladies?

Captain Magdeburg:—Most assuredly.

On motion the Society adjourned until ten o'clock to-morrow morning.

After the adjournment, at 2 o'clock carriages provided by the local committee were at the Plankinton House, and most of the members of the Society and their invited guests enjoyed a ride over the city of Milwaukee.

EVENING MEETING.

The evening meeting of the first day was held at Plymouth church, commencing at 8 P. M., October 27, 1897. The exercises were in accordance with the following programme, Captain Magdeburg presiding at the opening of the meeting:

ENTERTAINMENT

GIVEN BY THE

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

AT ITS TWENTY-NINTH REUNION,

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, MILWAUKEE,

WEDNESDAY EVE., OCT. 27, 1897.

PROGRAM.

1. Overture—Raymond..... A. Thomas
PROF. CHR. BACH'S ORCHESTRA.
2. Prayer.....
REV. JUDSON TITSWORTH.
3. Song—Our Flag West
PROF. DANIEL PROTHEROE'S DOUBLE QUARTETTE.
4. Milwaukee's Welcome.....
MAYOR WM. G. RAUSCHENBERGER.
5. Intermezzo—Cavalleria Rusticana..... Mascagni
PROF. CHR. BACH'S ORCHESTRA.
6. Song—The Army of the Tennessee.....
Air—March of the Men of Harlech. Words written especially for
the occasion by MR. JOHN G. GREGORY, of Milwaukee.
PROF. PROTHEROE'S DOUBLE QUARTETTE.
7. Response for the Society.....
GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE, President.
8. Overture—William Tell..... Rossini
PROF. CHR. BACH'S ORCHESTRA.
9. Annual Oration.....
REV. FATHER THOMAS EWING SHERMAN.
10. Song—Tenting On the Old Camp Ground.....
PROF. DANIEL PROTHEROE'S DOUBLE QUARTETTE.
11. Stars and Stripes Forever..... Sousa
PROF. CHR. BACH'S ORCHESTRA.
12. Song—America.....
PROF. DANIEL PROTHEROE'S DOUBLE QUARTETTE, PROF. CHR.
BACH'S ORCHESTRA AND THE AUDIENCE.

After the overture by the orchestra, the Rev. Judson Titsworth offered this prayer:

Eternal God, creator and upholder of all things: Infinite Spirit, in whom we live and move, and have our being: we would acknowledge thee in all our ways, and in all our enterprises would depend upon thy sanction and assistance. In all our assemblings together we would be conscious that thou art with us, sustaining and inspiring us. We do therefore now, Our Heavenly Father, invoke thy presence in and thy blessing upon the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

We thank thee for thy watchful care of these, thy servants, in the days when their duty was in the field of battle. We thank thee for thy preservation of our nation in that terrible time when it was in the testing furnace of civil war. We thank thee that thou didst bring good out of those evil days, perfected freedom, triumphant truth, the enrichment of our nation in its power of ministry to the better life of the world. And now may these blessings be sanctified to us by the wise and high-minded use we shall make of them. May thy servants here present not only enjoy in their reunion all that shall come to them of precious memories and dear relationships, but may they have a yet deeper joy in that they have had, and still have the exalted privilege of being co-workers with God in preserving and establishing in righteousness and blessedness, this, our fair and beloved country. May their lives still be precious in thy sight, and may they come up to these reunions, in a large measure of health and strength, yet these many years. May thy rich blessing be upon all the surviving soldiers and sailors of the late war, and upon the widows and families of those who perished in the storm of strife. Bless our country, which the valor and the blood of the sons, made effective by the devotion of her daughters, then saved under thy divine guidance.

Bless thy servant who shall speak to us to-night. Give him thy own message, that which thou wouldst speak to these, thy children.

And do thou at last crown all our earthly lives with thy heavenly peace and glory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

After the song, "Our Flag," by Prof. Protheroe's double quartette, the welcome of Milwaukee was extended by the Hon.

William G. Rauschenberger, Mayor of Milwaukee, who spoke as follows:

**MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY
OF THE TENNESSEE:**

GENTLEMEN:—No privileges await a public officer which impart greater pleasure or confer greater honor than offering the welcome of the city to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

You have needed no herald to announce the character of your organization or declare its rights to the attention and hospitality of our citizens. It is your good fortune to rest secure in the records of our country's history for all that entitles you to unsparing honor, grateful recognition and heartfelt welcome wheresoever and wherever you may be pleased, under the stars and stripes, to call the roll of your Society.

The city of Milwaukee bids you good cheer. She greets you with affectionate remembrance of the days when lusty youth and inspiring valor throbbed under those temples now silvered over by the impartial hand of time. She greets you as you march on to join the reunions of the future with the invisible host around whose banners, in the nation's despair, you rallied over thirty-five years ago; and reverting to the glorious events in which you participated, she extends you cordial congratulations and patriotic welcome.

To stand before the surviving members of the Army of the Tennessee and to address them in behalf of the city, I feel is a privilege of which one's children may be proud when the time comes that men are few who held discourse with the comrades of Grant, Sherman, Logan, McPherson, Howard, Dodge, and those illustrious leaders whose names are enough alone to brighten the pages of one hundred years of a nation's history.

I believe your gathering here is in accordance with the action of your first meeting as a Society, held on the field of battle, so to speak, at which you pledged each other as you sheathed your swords and welcomed gentle peace that, as you had been spared to hear the peons of victory and rejoice in the nation's vindication and perpetuity, so also should live in your remembrance those whose measure of sacrifice had been complete and who had sealed their devotion to the cause of the Union on the fields of battle. You do well to signify your association with the stirring events of

'61 to '65 in recalling and perpetuating the memory of all who were once of your number, who now sleep along the banks and tributaries of the great father of waters that it may flow for all times unvexed by disunion to the sea.

Gentlemen, let me assure you Milwaukee appreciates and honors your presence—that her citizens—her honored Grand Army members—her old men whose recollections turn with pride to the days when anxious hearts waited daily and hourly to hear the tidings which came on every breeze from the South, containing accounts of your valor and trials, your victories and privations—her young men who hear and read of the days when patriotism was no mere assertion or vaunt, but demanded the high proof of sacrifice that they might continue to be Americans under the nation which Washington and Lincoln had been called to administer, all, all unite in extending to you a whole-hearted, proud and loyal welcome.

At the conclusion of Mayor Rauschenberger's address Prof. Bach's orchestra played "Cavalleria Rusticana," and Prof. Protheroe's double quartette sang a song, "In the Army of the Tennessee," written for the occasion by John G. Gregory, Esq., of Milwaukee.

General Dodge, the President of the Society, responded to the address of welcome. He said:

MR. MAYOR, COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

This is the twenty-ninth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and the second held in your state. The first was held at Madison twenty-five years ago on the 3rd and 4th of July, the anniversary of the battle of Nickajack creek, and was the sixth of our meetings. It does not matter, however, on what day the Society meets, for, as General Sherman said, "Every day is the anniversary of some battle engaged in by the Army of the Tennessee."

As we compare the rolls of that date with the present, they show all of our army commanders gone but one, General O. O. Howard, who, thank God, is now with us. Most of our corps, division and brigade commanders fail to respond to the roll call, and our regimental and battery officers are fast falling out. Yet our membership to-day is as large or larger than it was then, as the wives, sons and daughters of those who have gone have taken

their places, and to-day we have opened the door so that any one or all of the family of a member can be of us and with us. We have gone further, so that the members of the family of any officer of the Army or Department of the Tennessee who has died without becoming a member of the Society, can join us, and keep his name and memory with us. The happiness and success of our reunions are now largely due to the young element which has come in to perpetuate our history, and keep fresh in the eyes of the world the deeds and memories of our army, so that its name shall be a household word, its history as well-known as the names of Nicolet, Marquette, Joliet and LaSalle, those intrepid voyagers, who immortalized themselves and pictured to the whole world the greatness and possibilities of Wisconsin even before some of our eastern states were settled.

The history of Wisconsin in our war is very familiar to all of us, as twenty-one regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry and four batteries served in the Army of the Tennessee. Of your generals, Hamilton, Washburne, Fairchild, Rusk and Reynolds were with us. We are also familiar with the records of those serving in the armies of the Cumberland and Potomac. We know of the "Iron Brigade of the West," that won a renown second to no brigade in the war. Compared to its numbers, its loss was greater than any other brigade in the war. Its battles were more, and even when engaged in battles that were lost, it stood so firm and intact that it was rightly named the "Iron Brigade of the West," while under the command of that distinguished soldier, General John Gibbon. Its last commander was from Wisconsin, that distinguished, able and intrepid soldier, Edward S. Bragg, and in the war records Wisconsin stands by the State of Vermont in furnishing the two most famous brigades of the war.

I, myself, have good reason to remember Wisconsin. One of my first duties when I came to the west in 1851, was to make a reconnoissance across your state for a railroad from Milwaukee to Dubuque, Iowa, and I remember very distinctly my experiences on that long trip along your beautiful lakes and across your mineral belt, where I had hard work to keep from dropping into one of the numerous prospect holes in the lead region. Your state had then less than 400,000 population. Again, when it fell to my lot in July, 1862, to take command of the central division of the Mississippi, and was ordered to rebuild the railroad from Columbus to

Corinth, crossing those numerous bottomless bayous, it was two Wisconsin regiments under Bryant and Moloney that came to my aid, chopping down the standing trees, and demonstrating that they could handle an axe as well as they did a gun, and with the logs building piers that were so strong and safe that they have not been disturbed yet; and when the temporary structures were taken away the permanent bridges were built upon them. It was a squad of Wisconsin men with Colonel Bryant that pumped a hand car with me over the line when I made an examination as to the extent of the repairs needed, and later, when these regiments had so fully and quickly rebuilt the line and made it ready for operation, upon my call a Wisconsin boy was detailed to accompany me in running the first locomotive over the line; a leaky, loose-jointed machine that took all the experience and ingenuity of both of us to keep her from dying on our hands. The grass and weeds had grown over the track so that the engine slipped along about as fast as a man could walk, and kept a detail running alongside of it sanding and graveling the track so as to give her friction, and make her stick. I supposed that our troops occupied all of the country between Columbus and Corinth, although my command had only gone as far south as the Big Obion. We pushed on until we struck Trenton. The station was some distance from the town. We slipped in quietly without ringing a bell or blowing a whistle, and, on reaching the station, two or three of us begrimed with dust and grease so that we were not recognizable, walked towards the public square, when one of my comrades discovered that we were in a Confederate camp. The enemy did not discover us for the moment, and we slipped back, stepped on the foot-board of the old machine, pulled her wide open, saying not a word until we were within our own picket line.

These personal incidents only tend to bring out the fact that no matter what the circumstances, Wisconsin boys, like all our soldiers, were equal to the emergency, and as we view to-day this great state and this prosperous city, we feel that much of her prosperity and greatness are due to the example set upon their return by her young veterans, who won such renown and accomplished so much in the war.

And now, I wish on behalf of this Society, to thank you most cordially for your generous welcome, for your honoring us with your attentions and attendance, and to assure you that we have

not only made your welcome by speech here, but the commendations and attentions we have received everywhere have made us feel at home, and know that we are among friends.

Captain Magdeburg then turned the conduct of the meeting over to the President of the Society, who, after the rendition of "William Tell," by Bach's orchestra, introduced the orator of the occasion, in the following terms:

One of the great blessings that has come to the Army of the Tennessee is that the families of our great commanders take the same interest in us, have the same respect for us, and if possible a greater love for us, than their fathers. We are particularly favored this evening in having to deliver the Society oration the son of our second commander, and it is with great pleasure that I introduce to you the Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman.

The annual address of Father Sherman was as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, COMRADES OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

To stand where I stand to-night, the representative of the Army of the Tennessee, here in the metropolis of a loyal republic, chosen to lay an encomium of praise, a garland of bay, on the brow of this great sister of four and forty states, bound by the blood of her sons in sacred seal of eternal union, this is a privilege of which any man might well be proud. But in addition to feel that I have the long coveted opportunity of coming face to face with the men whose deeds of high emprise were a household word in the home where I was reared, to bear a son's testimony to a father's loving and enthusiastic appreciation, to weave together the garlands of Wisconsin and of the dear old Army of the Tennessee, this, gentlemen, raises the present occasion to one of those where poetry is justice, bald truth is oratory, because both are the voice, the expression of the patriot's title to a nation's praise.

During the ten years of political agitation which preceded the war for the Union, the young state of Wisconsin held an unequivocal position on the two great issues that then threatened to disrupt the nation, the questions of state sovereignty and of human liberty (slavery). She declared the "Fugitive Slave Law" void and unconstitutional, thus standing for liberty and her own sovereignty; but when the Supreme Court of the United States decided differ-

ently she submitted—submitted, yes, but under protest, and that protest in the form of a law, a law against kidnapping men.

This action of Wisconsin illustrates very happily the true American doctrine that as the states are sovereign in and by virtue of the Union, as united, as one, as integral parts of a mighty whole, so the parts must submit to the whole where there is a legitimate clash. Friction there must always be. Hot boxes are incidental to all complex movement. You do not remedy the hot box by wrecking the train, but by pausing and cooling off.

Wisconsin knew too that she was part of a "Nation." That a nation as the word implies is a birth, a thing born, and that no one ever dreamed of a nation being born twins. No, no, from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, from the day of Washington to the day of Lincoln, we were one in fact, the fact divine of a bloody birth, a warrior's cradle, a soldierly boyhood; so when it came to the giant struggle of manhood's envious strife, the people of Wisconsin without regard to party, to creed or origin, rose almost as a man to sing "The Union Forever;" to do a soldier's part in bearing our banner triumphantly to the sea.

Gentlemen, when the sword is backed by logic, by principle, by clear conviction of right, then indeed it is mighty:

Conquer we must,
For our cause it is just,
Let this be our motto,
In God is our trust.

So we sang in '61—so we still sing.

Secession in spite of its great orators, strong arguments and gallant defenders involves the logical absurdity of a hybrid born nation, not a nation at all; of division, discord, darkness, desolation, ineffable and inevitable, ending in such horrors, such chaos, that the bravest secessionists are loudest in praising you for having defeated them and crushed out this political heresy. Secession in our body of states was what the divorce is in the family, and divorce is hell. Secession was eternally wrong; the Union right as a fact divine, and therefore our fathers stood like giants in the unflinching might of absolute rectitude.

When the war broke out and Lincoln called for 75,000 troops, Wisconsin was asked to furnish one regiment. Instantly she had four in the field clamoring to follow the flag. Her governor was wise enough to foresee future needs, for soon the four were

multiplied to forty. In the prompt action of her legislature, in the fiery and eloquent proclamation of her governor, in the instant enrollment of her sons, in the abolition of party lines, and what is far harder, patient waiting for uniforms, arms, drill, discipline, commissariat, Wisconsin displayed the splendid patriotism and indomitable energy that made the war the marvel of the world.

General Sherman's first acquaintance with Wisconsin valor was made on that fatal July day in 1861, when he led his brigade of Tyler's division up the Manassas road. I remember standing with him years later on the very spot. I remember his pointing out the place where he ordered a Wisconsin regiment to form in line of battle and charge—how they moved up against a fire of infantry and artillery, were repulsed, reformed and charged again, receiving, on account of their gray uniforms, a double fire from friends and foe alike. Then and there General Sherman learned the sturdy stuff of which Wisconsin men are made, and began to value "every regiment of Wisconsin men as equal to an ordinary brigade." Remember that this encomium was calmly written nearly twenty years later by the commander of the United States army, who knew that his words were military history.

We all know the happy results of Bull Run—the great and real awakening. By the end of the year 1861, the Union had asked Wisconsin for the great sacrifice of 20,000 of her sons. Wisconsin had already dedicated three and twenty thousand, generously appreciating the utmost need.

One April morning in 1862—a Monday morning—the telegraph messenger came into our little school-room, and we learned that there had been a great battle, and that General Sherman was wounded. I recall the feeling of elation. Wounded! that was almost as good as being killed for the dear old Union. You remember, gentlemen, that day—those days. You remember that Sunday morning at Shiloh church—that baptism of fire, those wavering lines, that all day's peltings of pitiless lead—that steady beating back—that stubborn resistance—that mile which it took a day's thundering battle to lose, another day to regain. You remember, the disappointments, and delays, and disaster. Whole regiments of raw troops ran that Sunday at the first fire. Wisconsin regiments did not run, but replaced those who did, and stood in grim, unflinching courage—a wall of blue against the dashing waves of Southern valor. You recollect that long night spent in

winds, in rain and blood, with the booming of cannon from the gunboats sounding like warbells tolling for the thousands slain. And you remember how the Seventh Wisconsin grit helped to wrest victory from defeat. We are in the heat of the second day's battle; yonder is a battery which must be taken. A Kentucky regiment is ordered to the attack, moves bravely forward, and meets with bitter repulse. A Wisconsin regiment of the same brigade is now advanced. They, too, are repulsed. Again they form and charge; again the iron storm sweeps them slowly back. A third time, with steady and determined valor, they reform, and on they go—the battery is taken, and the way is open for victory. Let the soldiers of Grant and Buell contend for the lion's share of the glory; let the armies of the Tennessee and the Ohio debate rival claims. Wisconsin shares the high renown of both.

Vicksburg was called by Mr. Lincoln the key of the Southwest. Early in the war he expressed the desire of having that key in his pocket. Farragut, the great conqueror of New Orleans, attempted to reduce Vicksburg; it was already too strongly fortified. Porter was summoned to his assistance with the famous mortar boats. Again the navy failed. Sherman attempted the investment from the river side upon the north. He also met with a repulse. Now Grant brings the full force of his military genius to bear on the great problem of conquering the Sebastopol of the West.

Grant's great fame, as is well known, rests largely on the difficult movements leading up to the investment, and the subsequent siege and surrender of this city, and which ended in triumphantly opening the Mississippi from its source to the sea, and breaking the Confederacy in twain. Thirteen Wisconsin regiments of infantry and three batteries of artillery participated in these momentous events. In the famous assault of the 22d, an assault which, as General Grant says, he was almost obliged to order owing to the fierce determination of our men, their eagerness to follow the foe into his works, Wisconsin regiments pushed right up to the parapet of the enemy, and even after heavy losses and the desperate beating back, they held the outposts nearest to the foe, ready to begin the close investment, which ended in the fall of the famous Vicksburg. We may say of all what a brigade commander said of one regiment: "Every man was a hero." The Wisconsin regiments lost heavily in killed and wounded. When the beleaguered

city fell, and our men proudly entered on the Fourth of July, "the second birthday of the nation," a Wisconsin officer received Pemberton's sword.

Little child though I was, I well remember those towering ramparts almost gray with lead which you had poured upon them; I remember seeing thick trees hewn down by the beaver bites of Confederate bullets aimed at our men in their trenches or assaulting columns; and I remember, too, the thinned lines of the favorite regiment. Men of Wisconsin, what Thermopylae is to Greece and to Sparta—Waterloo to England and the world, that is Vicksburg to you and to me. Where a Washington fell at the head of the "regulars," where your regiments left so many killed at one fell swoop of the war god, there is an altar, a shrine, a sanctuary of patriotism, a mound of sacrifice of which we must tell our children and our children's children, boasting of a defeat as proud as any victory, so long as the father of waters glides encarnadined by these pelican-like libations, untrammelled and unshackled to the sea.

In the spring of 1864 General Banks met a well equipped expedition up the Red river, aided by part of our army and a strong fleet under Admiral Porter. On his return it was found that the water had fallen so low in the Red river that it was impossible to pass the fleet over the rapids, and consequently our cause was threatened with the dire disaster of losing that splendid armament—a disaster which would have ended a partially successful expedition in great disgrace. What was to be done? Colonel Bailey, a Wisconsin officer then serving as an engineer, proposed to save the fleet by constructing a series of dams such as you use in Wisconsin to break a log jam. Of course he was laughed at by his kid-gloved brothers in either branch of the service, but the need was so urgent that Bailey was allowed to do as he might. For ten days 3,000 busy and eager lumbermen toiled at the great dam. Now comes the test. An opening is made and through the gap over the surging flood floated our fleet in safety and Bailey becomes the hero of the great expedition. Wisconsin lumber craft has accomplished what the genius of generals and admirals failed to even regard as possible.

The school boy of to-day knows how the army under Rosecrans was beleaguered at Chattanooga after the terrible battle of Chickamauga, how Bragg waited, sure that our army must retreat

or surrender, how Grant relieved Rosecrans and summoned the Army of the Tennessee to aid in changing a siege into an offensive sweeping movement, how you affected your picturesque night passage of the great stream in the face of an alert and stubborn adversary and hammered at Tunnel hill, while far away to the right flank, where Lookout mountain rose 2,700 feet above the plain, fighting Joe Hooker charged up the mountain side; then later on, after the center had been well depleted, the Army of the Cumberland moved up against the most magnificent redoubt ever furnished by nature to leaguering hosts. Never was prouder field for fight. You were giants to attempt the lifting of the siege in such bold fashion of assault, and like giants you fulfilled your task.

Will you debate now whether the mighty Tennessee or the Cumberland deserves the lion's share of the glory? I care not here and now. But go to Tunnel hill—go to the long ridge of granite stones, tell the tale of Wisconsin's gallantry in either army. Gentlemen of the Tennessee, you had the prose, let the Cumberland have the poetry.

Stand for a few minutes in fancy in the midst of that splendid panorama of battle. We are on Orchard Knob with Grant and Thomas as the fateful day wears on. Yonder on our right the flag floats proudly over Lookout mountain, 2,700 feet above the plain. Fighting Joe Hooker has placed the stars of glory there. On the right the field is bravely won. Far to the left, boom the guns of the Army of the Tennessee. We can not see all the ravines, the gulches, the obstacles over and through which they are hammering and pounding, so patient Grant and steadfast Thomas begin to wonder how Sherman, all fiery impatience that he is, can be so slow. Men of the Cumberland, then 'tis time to relieve the pressure yonder. Heroes of Chickamauga, of Shiloh, Stone river, 'tis time to vindicate ROSECRANS and BUELL and THOMAS. "When six guns sound from Orchard Knob, forward and take the rifle pits." Such the order and its limit. Hundreds of feet above us all see the gleaming crest of Mission ridge bristling with fifty cannon and unnumbered muskets. Boom! boom! go the guns from Orchard Knob—forward sweep sixty regiments well alligned—artillery thunder, musketry hail, do not make them pause—over the parapets they go—the rifle pits are won. The rebel prisoners scurry through our ranks, eager to get to our rear. What does this mean? Look, listen. It means we are in a death

trap. Yon guns on the summit are depressed to rake the rifle pits. Shall we retire? Never. Advance? We have no orders.

Seized by common impulse, instinct with one thought, sixty regiments without orders and without a common leader sweep in unison up the mighty steep whose rugged sides shield them from the shrieking shell. Grouped in V shaped masses about their banners, on and up they go.

"Who ordered that advance?" asked the anxious Grant. "I don't know, I did not," answers Thomas. "Granger, did you?" "No," says Granger. "When those fellows get started, all hell can't stop them."

Now our hearts are in our throats. Can they make it? Will they be swept back in dire confusion? See, they pause. No, 'tis only to take breath. Banners fall. They are snatched up again by brave hands and borne forward. At last. Hurrah! the crest is gained, the guns are taken, the foe is fleeing, the grand ridge blossoms under the rays of the setting sun, burgeoning in bloom of banners. Our banners, our flag! Our stars and stripes! Plant them, mark them. Count them. Read their legends: 1st Wisconsin—10th Wisconsin—15th Wisconsin—18th Wisconsin—21st Wisconsin—24th Wisconsin—26th Wisconsin.

In the model army of Georgia, composed of the armies of the Ohio, the Tennessee and the Cumberland, which spread like a mighty eagle, moved forward resistlessly and steadily from Chattanooga to Atlanta, fifteen Wisconsin regiments participated. From May to September you battled daily with the foe, gallant and determined as yourselves. Every night you sank to rest to the sound of booming cannon; every morn you rose to the sharp crack of the rifle on the picket line; every day you gave to grim death tribute enough to have the day called a battle. You were startled from uneasy slumber only by stillness which forboded in your minds something more alarming than a dull cannonade. Frowning fortress after frowning fortress barred the way; river, mountain and ravine and thicket defied you; but on you pressed to the grim walls of Atlanta, your objective. At Dalton six Wisconsin regiments were in the van; at Resacca seven; "Then Kennesaw dark in its glory frowned down on the flag of the free." Kennesaw, where the proud rebel boasted that you had struck an impassible barrier, nine Wisconsin regiments moved bravely to the daring assault. Why attempt the impossible? In the dictionary of

the heroes of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, there was no such word as impossible.

"Impregnable Kennesaw," such is the proud rebel boast. A barrier at last impassible to the Northern invader. "Flank it," says the prudent. "Storm it," cries the bold.

"Storm it and flank it," orders Sherman. Kennesaw has fallen, the way to Atlanta lies open.

Atlanta, how far, far away it seemed; how impossible the approach. How eagerly the Northland watched and waited as you pressed slowly and steadily onward, lengthening your line of communication, going deeper and deeper into the pit of danger.

At last we are closing in upon Atlanta. The talons of the war eagle begin to clutch the long sought prey within their crushing grasp. The gallant Army of the Tennessee is stubbornly driving the foe to his inner works. Already we are taking position for the siege. The 15th corps lies east of the city, across the Augusta road; the 17th stretches beyond, after desperate fighting for the ground they have gained. We take our stand in fancy on Bald hill, which our Wisconsin boys have helped to win and hold, and look thence to the doomed city almost at our feet. Our men are all weary with the strain of battle and the heat of that July sun, which brilliantly lights up the towers and roofs of the city before us, the long looked-for Mecca of our desperate pilgrimage. Surely, our beaten foe will give us one day's rest for breathing space so much needed on both sides. Not so. Alert and indomitable, our wily enemy has prepared a death trap for us in the moment of our elation. Hood has thrown out Hardee's corps by a night march east and north, and now they lie at our right and rear, ready to strike our wing "in air" and throw our army into dire confusion. The absence of our cavalry renders us all unaware of the approach of the formidable host, so the gallant McPherson rides almost into the arms of the advancing enemy—our gallant and knightly chief lies cold in death.

How fortunate for the Army of the Tennessee that Dodge's corps, the 16th, lies in our rear; how more than providential that Dodge is a man rather than a theorist. Instantly he apprehends the deadly peril. Swiftly he readjusts his corps, facing the enemy. Cutting all red tape, he is a colonel, brigadier, and division commander all in one. While Hardee's corps in four divisions moves out of the chapparal and up against us in dread

array of battle line with good artillery support thundering before them, without waiting to let the enemy have the plan of attack and the momentum of surprise, charge is met by counter-charge, our cannon bay in answer to their thunder, our banners bend forward, our lines advance. Dodge is everywhere dashing up and down his lines, lending his own sturdy spirit to every soldier in his corps and the day is saved—in our rear surprise and disaster are changed to victory! Again and again the brave Confederates madly charge. Again and again we meet them breast to breast and dash them back discomfited.

Sir, your presence here to-night may not save you from the much-deserved honor of this poor tribute to those splendid qualities for which the Army of the Tennessee holds you in eternal honor. In the name of the most gallant army and in the name of my loved and honored father I thank you, sir, for saving the fate of our National army at the famous battle of Atlanta.

Now return to Bald hill. While Hardee has struck our rear, Cheatham has advanced on our front and that of the 15th corps to our right. Two batteries have been captured, part of our line routed, our guns turned upon us and we see that Sherman has set up a cross fire of artillery to pave the way for the recapture of his batteries. Front, flank and rear we hear the roar of the heavy guns, the air is darkened by the smoke, the foe seems everywhere about us. Now steady, men, here they come out of the brushwood in front. We give them a volley and then another. They stagger and retreat. Scarce is this accomplished when directly in our rear and close upon us out comes another line of gray from the sheltering covering of the fringe of woods. Over the parapet quick, now fight from the opposite side! They are too near, they are upon us. We club our muskets and grapple hand to hand, the blue and the gray, tugging and straining, until down they go together on the red clay, the breast of their common mother. Yes, the bloody angle of Bald hill was a critical point in that deadly encounter. It was the hinge on which hung the death door of both friend and foe. Beat it in, our left has fallen. Now at the angle where the attack was on all sides of us, where confusion worst confounded threatened to reign, where foes in gray seemed to leap from the very soil, there, though weary with yesterday's fighting, worn by the tropical sun, vexed by the all round thunder of great guns, and tempted to disheartenment by the

sight of our batteries captured to the right and by the hurling back of the grand old 15th corps, these Badger boys fought on with determined and unflinching valor, whenceso'er the foe. Cox says, remarking on that day's battle, that "to have held the key point under such circumstances must be held to have proven fighting qualities in the troops which have been rarely equaled, and a cool-headed steadiness in commanding officers from the general-in-chief downwards, which combine to make an irresistible army." Ever memorable day on which you gave your gallant chief McPherson as a martyr to the cause and straightway avenged the cruel loss by Dodge's doughty valor, Logan's dash and the determined grit of your Wisconsin regiments.

When we consider that the army which advanced upon Atlanta numbered 100,000 men, that it required one hundred car loads of provisions per day to sustain them, that supplies of food and ammunition must be stored and ready; when we study the nature of the ground over which your operations were conducted, the mountains, ravines, gulches, forests, thickets to be traversed; when we gaze at fortresses after fortresses, line after line of works fortified by the aid of slave labor and held by a valiant army, 70,000 strong, on their own ground fighting for hearth and home, when we meditate that as you advanced you were weakened by the necessity of leaving garrisons in your rear to safeguard your line of communication, while your enemy was strengthening before you; when we consider that every day of that long campaign was a skirmish and that twenty battles were fought that spring and summer and all were won; when we read the reports of such great men as General Blair, "For twenty-eight days my men have been under continuous fire of infantry and artillery;" when we count the thousands of gravestones about Atlanta, when we add the waning credit of the government, the feverish anxiety of the North, the impatience of the prolonged war, the devastation of thousands of hearths and homes, we can not but be filled with astonishment at your pluck, daring and determination. The weariness of the collapse after prolonged strain had fallen like a pall upon the North. Would the war never end? Were millions of lives to be sacrificed to this Moloch? Were these states of the South unconquerable? Why had not Vicksburg and Gettysburg together ended the struggle? Such were the discouraging expressions heard on all hands.

In view of the battles, political as well as martial, we were waging, the desperate strain of the long struggle, the disaffection among ourselves, the discordant voices of press and rostrum, the draft riots, the jealousies, dissensions, the enmity abroad and the exhaustion at home, it would not seem too much to say that during the summer of 1864, while you were struggling for Atlanta, all lovers of the Union cause were fighting front, flank and rear like the Wisconsin boys at the battle of Bald hill. They were dark days, but the darkness lifted when the city fell.

I shall not detain you by describing the operations of the siege which led to the capture of Atlanta. Suffice it to say that as the Army of the Tennessee bore the brunt on our left, so, having been shifted to the extreme right to stretch west and south of Atlanta, it again received the hardest blows and again sustained its unblemished honor for hard fighting.

The long, hot month of August has worn away with impatient waiting in the Northland, patient waiting and fighting in your trenches. There is a giant enemy behind as in front. A political party is in the field headed by a great Union general declaring the war was a failure and advocating the free division of our national domain, with slavery as a cornerstone of Southern civilization. A year of presidential election is always critical—this one, for reasons I have hinted at, is an "epoch." Lincoln himself, our martyr head, confessed to General Sherman that that summer he doubted. Poor ship of state, how desperate the storm. Prison pens are reeking overcrowded. Thousands lie half buried on a hundred fields of carnage. The widow and orphan wail from land's end to land's end. There is needed a brilliant achievement to stem the tide of evil, to lift the ship above the crest once more.

Then came the cheery words of your chief: "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won"—ringing through the Northland that September morn. The joy of victory brings confidence and renewed courage. Men like Blair and Logan, both generals and statesmen, are free to turn and help stem the political tide. The fall in the price of gold speaks of the revival of public credit, so your success helps to carry the war administration into power again with splendid popular support.

You will permit me to read the president's letter in answer to General Sherman's telegram announcing the fall of Atlanta:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *September 3, 1864.* }

The national thanks are tendered by the president to Major-General W. T. Sherman and the gallant officers and soldiers of his command before Atlanta for the distinguished ability and perseverance displayed in the campaign of Georgia, which, under divine favor, has resulted in the capture of Atlanta. The marches, battles, sieges and other operations that have signalized the campaign must render it famous in the annals of war and have entitled those who have participated therein to the applause and thanks of the Nation.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
President of the United States."

And now the city lies desolate, her works dismantled, her depots, arsenals, magazines in utter ruin; her men, women and children scattered to the winds of heaven. Dread lesson of the horrors of war! Vicksburg, Memphis, New Orleans yielded to weaken our cause and reap benefit from defeat, depleting our ranks by their enormous garrisons. Atlanta fell to suffer and to teach the Southern power that "war is hell and you can not refine it," that he who draws the sword against fatherland will feel a father's full strength and power even at the hearthstone and by the cradle where wife and mother weep for broken roofree and dismantled home. Wisconsin now has earned her title, "The terror of the South," by helping to plant in valiant breasts most wholesome fear and dread of the supreme authority it was your duty and your privilege to vindicate at any cost.

On the famous march to the sea, many Wisconsin regiments did cheery work in skirmish lines and flanking parties, and in guarding the swarm of negroes who gathered about your march. They followed their leader with a blind trust which surprised and almost appalled him, deepening as it did his dread realization of his own responsibility. They were as ready workers in converting railroad iron into Jeff Davis neckties, as in the liberal foraging of the notorious "bummers." It has become the fashion to regard this march as a holiday jaunt. Remembering the courage it took to cut loose from a fixed base, to overcome the anxious doubts of such prudent superiors as Grant and Lincoln, we had best speak of that army as an oasis of loyalty boldly planted in a desert of rebellion, a torrent of patriotism, thundering down amid a grey waste of secession. To that beautiful river, Wisconsin furnished a handsome stream.

The sea at last! Hoar ocean roaring song of praise and pæan

of victory. Hungry and thirsty have our eyes been for sight of its reassuring blue, for glimpses of masthead bearing our banner of beauty, and bringing letters from our homes. The sea at last! The men who first behold it pass the word, the whole army shouts for joy with loud clamor; men leap, dance, hug and kiss one another. Why? Reason not the cause till you reflect what that bold column has accomplished. Broken in twain lies the great Confederacy—the way to Richmond is open from the South. "The world is safe in its judgment," as Augustine said. The world has pronounced its verdict on that march. Wisconsin shares the glory in generous measure.

Savannah is ours, a Christmas gift to the president. Now northward through the swamps and morasses of the Carolinas. Dreary, discouraging work to wade knee deep or waist deep in water; to sleep in dismal swamp or morass; to drag cannon over corduroy roads, a long, wearisome and wasting way, and through it all Wisconsin men bring their woodcraft to bear, cheerily endure the hardships and press ever on, upheld by devotion to and confidence in their loved leader.

I have touched upon a few of the mighty battles and campaigns typical of our great national struggle; four that are written first upon the banners of the Army of the Tennessee. What I have said of Wisconsin valor in these four battles may be repeated with reference to the 300 or more engagements of the civil war, in nearly all of which Wisconsin participated with marked renown. A mere quotation of handsome remarks in general orders won by Wisconsin valor would make a stirring address. At Corinth it was said of the Fourteenth: "The regiment was one to rely on in any emergency; always cool, steady and vigorous." Of the Seventeenth: "Boys, you have made the most glorious charge of the campaign." At Perryville, where the Tenth lost fifty-four per cent. of their number in one battle, General Rosseau said: "These brave men are entitled to the gratitude of their country."

At the awful battle of Stone river, General Scribner said: "The Tenth Wisconsin would have suffered extermination rather than yield its ground without orders. Other regiments are praised for determined bravery and chivalrous heroism."

Of the Fourteenth at Vicksburg, General Ransom said: "Every man in the Fourteenth is a hero." The soldier's true eulogy lies in the intelligent appreciation of the great work which he accom-

plished. These quotations might easily be multiplied, and with justice applied to every regiment of Wisconsin troops.

The national policy which scattered your troops among those of many states and various armies not only contributed to their education and to the grand spirit of American brotherhood, but it likewise gave Wisconsin men the splendid opportunities of winning honors everywhere for the state they love so well.

It is not merely in the mad rage of battle, in the enthusiasm that flings away life at the foot of the flag, in resistance to bullets that the soldier of Wisconsin proved himself. In recalling the civil war we must remember the immense marches, the multiplicity of campaigns, the variety of duties. We must think of the fatigue, the exhaustion, the chafed limbs, the aching back, the dreariness of plodding on in heat and dust; in hunger, thirst and utter weariness. We must recall the hardships of the bivouac, the tropic sun, the swamp fever, the malaria and miasma, the lack of comfort, the cold damp ground for mattress and pillow; the aching limbs, the heart hunger of desperate homesickness, the life in an atmosphere of hate and danger, of bitterness and dread; we must remember, too, that the soldier of the Western army was a bridge-builder and a road-builder; recall the heavy trenches and the siege works; those splendid feats of rapid building, repairing of railways, trestles, pontoons; think of the long lines of communication, hundreds of miles to be guarded constantly in an enemy's country; vast wagon trains to be handled; all this and much more, is to be borne in mind to estimate the soldier's work during these trying years of danger to the nation's life. In all this and much more that time forbids my dwelling upon here and now, Wisconsin men displayed in marked degree the alertness and activity, the patience and cheeriness, the readiness for danger and hardship, and above all, the manly spirit of subordination which go to make the true soldier.

The gallant foe from the start were better prepared in armament, arms, discipline and military regime, than we were. For example, they had heavy rifled siege guns at Vicksburg. We used even the stumps of trees as mortars at short range. They had lieutenant generals to command army corps, and full generals to marshal armies. Grant was a major general when he commanded 1,000,000 men. We knew no rank higher than major general, a hundred of equal rank cutting one another's throats at

times, more effectually than the muskets of the foe. They muzzled the barking dogs of the press; we tolerated a disaffected press which crippled our administration, and encouraged disaffection in and out of the army. Through all this, Wisconsin was cheerily loyal.

Lame were the tribute to Wisconsin in our army that did not sound the praises of the women of the Union. Women who gave us being, fostered and nourished our infancy and youth, is always first to be aroused by generous emotion, kindles enthusiasm in our sluggish breasts, fires the passions of religion, patriotism and art, and stirs men on to noble sacrifice. The women of the Union adorned our silken banners, gave them to us with tears and smiles and cheers, and fond embraces; the women of the Union replaced those banners when torn and battered, by new ones, gold spangled with the glorious names of many a hard fought battle. Mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts, buckled your belts about you, bade you draw sword and sheath it not save in the heart of Richmond, waved to you as you gaily marched away; then turned to weep their eyes out with anxious watching, and to rend heaven with fervent prayers, to work their fingers off with patient stitches, measuring your steps by their sighs and lending you strength in every doughty endeavor, courage in every bristling danger, patience in every manifold hardship, by the consciousness that they were sharing pangs for pangs, and that the hearts you loved best, watched and suffered with you, and knew no joy save the song of your triumph, no sadness, save the echo of your defeat.

Yes, the women of the Union were not less enthusiastic, not less dauntless in their enthusiasm than their sisters of the Sunny South; and their tears, and sighs, and prayers; their agonies of sorrow and bereavement; their resigned acceptance of loss unutterable and irretrievable; their substantial endeavors to contribute to the cause by comforts freely furnished, by patient care and tender nursing, and in the thousand sweet and unnamed ways that women know and man is almost too stupid even to appreciate, the women of Wisconsin on whom fell so heavy a portion of the most grievous loss, deserve a lasting eulogy and a heavenly benediction. God of armies bless the sweet loyal women of Wisconsin.

Permit me to paint for you another picture. It is a May day in Washington. The gleaming Capitol looks down on tens of thousands in serried ranks marching past her glowing front. From

Capitol to Treasury, and beyond stretches the unbroken river of blue, marching in solid platoons. On they move, like the waves of the sea, never ending. The pith and marrow of a nation's manhood seem to us to be gathered there. Bright gleam their weapons, gaily their bands play, proudly flaunt their banners in the balmy air of spring. But look a little closer. Those uniforms are faded and patched, those faces bronzed and hardened with austere lines of suffering, toil and hardship. Spread the bars of yon banner on which to catch them as they come swirling through the scented air. Henry, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and the rest! Brave legend forsooth! No wonder the air is rent with the shouts of untold thousands of spectators; no wonder the blood seems to be very fire in our veins; no wonder that, though three and thirty years have passed, it seems to be but yesterday we stood there gazing at that triumphant host, and realizing in the dread splendor of its beauty the mighty power of this great republic, when roused to the assertion of her supreme authority.

Wisconsin may well be proud forever to think that she furnished more than twenty regiments to such an army. Nor need we feel surprised that Grant and Sherman loved so warmly the Army of the Tennessee! An army so brilliant in execution, so quick to catch, nay, anticipate the spirit and desire of this chief. An army that needed no red tape, because all were in touch, all had one mind and heart; the mind and heart of a gallant McPherson! When corps, divisions, brigades, regiments, are as the joints on the fingers of one hand, then all work as one, and what they grasp they never lose. Grant and Sherman learned so to wield them, so to trust them. And how they have loved and trusted in return! Like the mighty river whose name they bear, they dash down and out in torrent cataracts, till at last in calm triumphant march through Georgia to Savannah, they sweep on tranquilly to the sea. It is the epic of the nation's salvation!

Nor may we forget to mention that last touching scene, when at the heart of your state, the scattered remnants of your regiments stood to their colors to be mustered out. There are gaps in the lines! The numbers are sadly diminished. And for every gap there is somewhere an empty chimney corner, a vacant arm chair, a bereaved mother, a mourning widow and orphan children! On the red field, in the vile prison, in dismal swamp or dreary

morass, father, brother, husband, have bent to the death-dealing bullet or deadlier disease, and in our thinned ranks all the world reads the price paid by Wisconsin to save the nation's life. Upon such sacrifices God himself throws the incense of the lasting peace they purchased.

Gentlemen of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, while in homely phrase I have endeavored to link Wisconsin's glory with that of your host "which never lost and never shunned battle;" while I have reminded this audience of the fact that your march was ever forward and aggressive, your faithful fancies have been picturing a thousand stirring scenes of bivouac and of battle. Again the gloomy, towering pine in ghostly grandeur over you as you make your midnight round; again the hoarfrost of morning painting in gray your shivering blue coat; again the long white line of Israel in her tent; again the long roll has sounded; you have heard the shell shriek, the bullet zip, zip as it wings its lightning way past your startled ears. Again you have urged on the artillery thundering forward, the nostril of every steed distended, the traces taut and wheeling into line, you have unlimbered and thundered on the advancing foe to check his mad onset. Again you have watched that flag gleaming mid the smoke and marked the dogged advance of your desperate charge; again you have looked up at the starlight as you lay awake and thought of home and loved ones and dashed away a tear because you knew they thought you too brave to pause in such a grand career.

And what you thought and felt and saw and heard, the men about you thought and suffered also. Yes, and the women and children in far northern homes throbbed with the same deep emotions, and so we were bound in gold and silver cords of comrade love that wake our hearts to-night once more to genial pity, having brought us all together once again from distant homes to hear the oft-told tale of how we marched with Sherman to the sea.

Yes, fair Wisconsin, in the days of this Nation's deadliest peril, in the dark hour when giant rebellion reared its horrid front of bristling war before us, when disaffection, timidity, doubt, suspicion, tepidity, paralyzed the national nerve; when foreign powers through open or secret hostility to our growing republic threw the weight of their influence against us, when the nation kept calling for hundreds of thousands after hundreds of thousands of volunteer soldiers, and even had recourse to the hated

draft; when millions of treasure were being daily expended to load us down for a generation with a war debt, you rose to the grandeur of the occasion; you gave 90,000 out of 800,000, one in nine, to our army; as your soldiers, brave, alert, obedient were justly termed by our gallant foe "the terror of the South," your state may rightly be termed "the pride of the North." You nerved the arm and steeled the hearts of men as great as Lincoln, Grant and Sherman, therefore is your state's name highest on the crest of the nation's greatness, and we hail you as the Sparta of the West 'Tis said that where your army marched, the daisy, never known before, now tracks your way. Heaven grant that its gleaming silver petals ever tell of faith in free manhood, born in the breast of America's sons as blossoms of their fathers' deeds of valor and that its golden heart rekindle their brothers' patriotic love of the dear Union, best flower and fruit of the splendid part played by Wisconsin in our army.

After the song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," the President said:

I have a communication from one whom you learned to love and respect in days gone by, and one whom the world has since learned to respect and love, one who was loyal to her chief, her husband, he who was so loyal to her that before he died he asked and commanded that when her time came she should share his resting place. I will read it to you:

2111 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *October 23, 1897.* }

MY BEST OF FRIENDS, GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE:

Thank you for asking me to meet "The Army of the Tennessee." And how I would love to do so, but I must again delegate to you, General, and to my son, Colonel Fred. (of whom I am so justly proud) the privilege of presenting my esteem and greetings to them all. And tell them for me I feel safe in the hope that they give to the family of General U. S. Grant, their old commander, a warm place in their hearts.

Tell them that the light of his glorious fame (which they helped him win) still reaches out and falls upon and warms me, his wife.

JULIA DENT GRANT.

The orchestra played Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever," and the President dismissed the gathering, with these remarks:

COMRADES OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, AND OUR GUESTS:

I am requested to remind you that you are invited, after you leave the building, to visit the Wolcott Post, where we held our meeting this morning. There are friends there waiting to receive and entertain us. Before saying good-night I wish, on behalf of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to thank this large audience for its attention to our program, and we will say good-night by the song "America," to be rendered by the double quartet, orchestra and the audience.

After the adjournment, the Society and its guests were entertained by the Women's Relief Corps of the Wolcott Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, at their rooms.

SECOND DAY.

OCTOBER 28TH, 1897, 10 A. M.

The Society met pursuant to adjournment.

The President:—The first business before the Society is the reports of committees.

The committee on location of the next meeting, through General Walcutt, chairman, made the following report:

Mr. President, the committee have unanimously agreed to recommend Toledo, Ohio. The invitations from Omaha and Council Bluffs were very cordial, and we were strongly tempted, but we have had two experiences, once with the World's Fair, and once upon General Grant's return, where we were completely overwhelmed, and the great inducement for Council Bluffs or Omaha next year is the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. We concluded we had best avoid it, and therefore recommend Toledo unanimously, a city where we were very pleasantly entertained upon one occasion.

On motion of General McArthur, the report was adopted.

The following communications were before the committee on location:

OMAHA, NEB., *October 12, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Secretary of the Army of the Tennessee, Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—The Commercial Club of this city, by unanimous action, cordially invites your worthy organization to select the city of Omaha, Neb., as the place for holding your next annual meeting for the year 1898.

The membership of this Club is composed of all the business and professional interests of this city of all classes.

Provided you select Omaha for your next meeting place, we will furnish ample accommodations for meetings, including hall and committee rooms; also guarantee first-class hotel accommodations at reasonable rates. The Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition will be in operation at that time, which will be second only to the World's Fair, and will be an attractive feature for your meeting.

Omaha is the central city of the United States. Twenty lines of railway diverge from Omaha, forming a direct line of road to every city in the country. This city is midway on the shortest trans-continental line between the

two oceans. Provided any of your members desire to go farther West, a direct line of road runs from Omaha to all places of interest, including the Black Hills, Yellow Stone Park, Colorado, Salt Lake and California. The fact of the exposition being in Omaha in 1898, will guarantee you less passenger rates than you could otherwise secure.

Again, we urge you to come to Omaha in 1898. The freedom of the city is extended to you, and you will be entertained by warm hearts and prodigal hands.

Hoping your meeting in Milwaukee will be attended with success, and extending to you our best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

J. E. UTT,
Secretary Omaha Commercial Club.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA., *June 25, 1897.*

GENERAL G. M. DODGE:

DEAR SIR AND COMRADE:—At a regular meeting of Encampment No. 8, U. V. L., I was instructed to write to you, inviting the Army of the Tennessee to hold their national reunion for 1898 in Council Bluffs.

The Trans-Mississippi Exposition will be going on in Omaha, and a great many old soldiers will be at the Exposition, who would be glad to meet their comrades of the Army of the Tennessee.

Hoping that this will meet with your approval, I remain,

Yours in F. C. and L.,

W. S. PAULSON,
Colonel.

W. SCOTT RICE,
Adjutant.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, *June 30, 1897.*

G. M. DODGE,

President of the Army of the Tennessee, New York:

DEAR SIR AND COMRADE:—At our regular meeting held this P. M., the following preamble and resolution was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Trans-Mississippi Exposition will be held in Omaha, Nebraska, in the year 1898, commencing in June and lasting for a number of months; therefore be it,

Resolved, That this Post send to their comrade, General G. M. Dodge, President of the Army of the Tennessee, greeting, inviting him and that grand organization of war scarred veterans, known as the Army of the Tennessee, whom he represents, to hold their national reunion for 1898 in the city of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Yours in F. C. and L.,

Attest:

A. N. SCRIBNER,
Adjutant.

E. R. FONDA,
Commander.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, *August 27, 1897.*

GENERAL G. M. DODGE,

Washington Building, New York City, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR:—We, the undersigned members of the Executive Committee of the Council Bluffs Exposition Association, would respectfully request that you use your influence and efforts to secure the 1898 meetings of the Army of the Tennessee and Union Veteran Legion for Council Bluffs.

The proximity of the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition will invite large numbers to be present, and will assure any convention meeting here at that time an extraordinary attendance. Pottawattamie county and Council Bluffs unite in asking that you do all you can to get these meetings for us, and trust that it will meet with your approval in every respect.

Kindly communicate with the secretary in regard to the matter, and oblige,

Yours very respectfully,

W. S. BAIRD,	L. A. DEVINE,
J. M. BARSTOW,	GEO. S. DAVIS,
H. P. BARRETT,	H. I. FORSYTHE,
V. E. BENDER,	J. P. GREENSHIELDS,
H. W. BINDER,	A. C. GRAHAM,
F. A. BIXBY,	WM. GRONEWEG,
R. H. BLOOMER,	THEO. GUITTAR,
W. C. BOYER,	S. HAAS,
G. N. BOWEN,	J. P. HESS,
E. F. CLARK,	J. C. HISEY,
J. H. CLEAVER,	E. W. HART,
A. P. HANCHETT,	JNO. T. OLIVER,
J. A. HERELD,	J. A. PATTON,
A. S. HAZELTON,	N. M. PUSEY,
J. E. HOLLENBECK,	M. F. ROHRER,
W. C. JAMES,	GEO. B. REX,
C. H. JUDSON,	W. I. SMITH,
F. H. KEYS,	H. W. SAWYER,
W. H. LYNCHARD,	E. P. SEARLE,
W. A. MAURER,	E. F. TEST,
WM. MOORE.	I. M. TREYNOR,
J. E. F. MCGEE,	S. B. WADSWORTH,
E. H. WALTERS,	O. P. WICKHAN,
A. W. WYMAN,	M. WOLLMAN,

O. YOUNKERMANN,

*By C. H. JUDSON,
Secretary.*

TOLEDO, OHIO, *October 26, 1897.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary, Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR GENERAL:—In reponse to your circular of September 15th, I regret to state that an unexpected change in my business in the last few months compels me to stay at home and give it my personal attention night and day, to keep the everlasting creditor from charging on me; therefore, I will have to *pass* this time.

At a meeting of the Toledo Post last week, we were talking over the last meeting of the Society at this place. It will be just ten years next year.

I was requested by General John S. Kountz, Colonel Raynor and the entire Post, to invite the Society to meet here next year, the thirtieth reunion of the Society. Will you please extend this invitation to the committee, and I assure you we will take good care of them. Now General if you succeed in persuading the committee to select Toledo for their next meeting, I will say no more about the young ladies of Alexander Cross Roads.

Please find enclosed a couple of clippings to show to the boys; I think they are good, if not new.

I trust you will have a pleasant and well attended meeting.

Please remember me kindly to Colonel Cadle and all the boys.

Yours truly,

JOHN B. BELL.

The Committee on Orator, through Captain Harding, reported as follows:

Your committee for the selection of orator for the next reunion of the Society, have the honor to report that they have selected General John C. Black, of Illinois, as orator, and also designate Colonel William P. Hepburn, of Iowa, as alternate.

On motion of Captain Colton, the report was adopted.

The Committee on Officers, through Captain Everest, Chairman, presented their report, recommending the election of the following officers:

PRESIDENT,

General Grenville M. Dodge, of Iowa.

VICE-PRESIDENTS,

Colonel John B. Bell, Ohio.

Major William Warner, Kansas City, Mo.

Colonel B. T. Wright, Illinois.

Captain John Crane, New York.

General L. F. Hubbard, Minnesota.

General C. H. Frederick, Nebraska.

Captain O. C. Lademan, Wisconsin.

Mr. Andrew A. Blair, Pennsylvania.
Major Charles Christenson, California.
Colonel J. W. McMurray, Florida.
Lieutenant J. R. Dunlap, Indiana.
Captain M. A. Higley, Iowa.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,

General Andrew Hickenlooper, Cincinnati, Ohio.

RECORDING SECRETARY,

Colonel Cornelius Cadle, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TREASURER,

General Manning F. Force, Ohio.

- Captain Magdeburg moved that the report be adopted, and, putting the question himself, it was unanimously carried, and he declared the report of the committee adopted, and the members named duly elected to the respective offices.

The President:—All I can say to you is that I thank you, and promise that I will endeavor to do my duties to the best of my abilities.

Captain Magdeburg:—Comrades, I have here something that will interest you all. You all remember Mother Bickerdyke. She celebrated her eightieth birthday on the 19th day of July, 1897. I will read the proceedings that were had at her home in Bunker Hill, Kansas.

Captain Magdeburg then read a newspaper account of the celebration of the birthday of Mother Bickerdyke, and closed with a motion that the Society send hearty greetings, wishing her many happy years to come.

The motion prevailed unanimously.

The President:—It is a grateful thing for me to send such a resolution to Mother Bickerdyke, for she climbed into a freight car and fed me, when I was on the way from Chattanooga to Nashville.

The following resolution was offered by General Chetlain:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are due and are hereby cordially tendered to the patriotic citizens of Milwaukee, for their courtesies and the generous hospitality extended to it during its present meeting;

Also, That thanks are due and hereby tendered to the Local

Executive Committee, for its admirable arrangements made for the comfort and convenience of the Society at its meeting, to the Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the State of Wisconsin, for its kind and courteous attention to our members, and also to the ladies of the Woman's Relief Corps of the Grand Army of the Republic, for their kind attentions to all of us.

Captain Everest:—I would suggest that the mover of that resolution should add to that, the Wolcott Post.

General Chetlain:—I accept the amendment, of course.

General Hickenlooper:—I suggest, in hearing that resolution read, that in view of the fact that our meeting was upon this occasion called in a city where we have few members of the Society, it appears to me from my observation that the great bulk, if not almost the entire labor in preparing for our entertainment, has fallen upon Captain Magdeburg, and that there should be an amendment placed in there so that the vote may be made a little more distinctive, by inserting the name of Captain F. H. Magdeburg.

General Chetlain:—I accept that.

Captain Magdeburg:—May I request that I be not specially named in this resolution?

The President:—You have heard the resolution as amended by General Hickenlooper. All in favor will signify it by saying Aye.

The resolution as amended was adopted unanimously.

Captain Ogg:—I have a short resolution:

Resolved, That the earnest thanks of our Society are hereby tendered General J. H. Stibbs, for his untiring and efficient service in so successfully arranging the matter of transportation for members coming from abroad.

I move the adoption of the resolution.

The motion prevailed unanimously.

Colonel Keeler:—I offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee are due and are hereby tendered to Major Frank B. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, for his masterly paper upon the troops of the Army of the Tennessee serving with General A. J.

Smith, prepared for and published in the last annual report of this Society.

Captain Sexton:—Mr. President, I am in favor of the adoption of the resolution as presented by Colonel Keeler. A large portion of the Army of the Tennessee has never been given due credit for their services, and that portion commanded by A. J. Smith, especially. The last nine months of my service I had the honor to serve on General A. J. Smith's staff, and I learned from that paper of Major James' a great deal that has never been made known to this Society. We should thank Major F. B. James for preparing this paper.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

The President:—A message has just been handed to me that I will read to the comrades, and I know they will be glad to hear it, because Colonel Henderson has just undergone another amputation of his leg—the leg that was shot off at Corinth.

DUBUQUE, IA., *October 28, 1897.*

GENERAL G. M. DODGE,

Plankinton House:

Wound not well enough for me to join you and my loved brethren. Though shorter in person, I am longer in affection for my brave comrades of the Army of the Tennessee.

D. B. HENDERSON.

Captain Magdeburg:—I hold in my hands the telegram that was received from our friend and comrade, General Henderson. I am not thoroughly posted as to whether it is the third or fourth operation that he has had performed upon his leg.

General Chetlain:—The third.

Captain Magdeburg:—I understand it is not healing well. I think it would be a graceful thing for this meeting to send to him our greetings and our sympathy, and our sincere wish for his speedy and thorough recovery, and that the Corresponding Secretary be instructed to communicate this as the sentiment of the Society.

The President:—The President will see that the suggestion is carried out, unless there is objection.

General Black:—I rise to ask whether, under the constitution as it now stands amended, it is necessary for one to designate the member of his family to whom his rights shall descend? Won't they descend to his oldest son, without designation?

The President:—That is so. There is no necessity of further designation. Members can announce the names if they see proper, to the Society, and the persons so announced can become immediate members, if they so desire, by paying ten dollars, and one dollar a year.

Captain Ogg:—It seems to me that if for any reason any member of this Society should desire to designate some other child than his oldest son, there is propriety in that designation.

Mr. President:—They can make them, if they desire. General Black asked if it was necessary.

General Hickenlooper:—In the abundance of correspondence we have, it appears hardly necessary, in view of its early publication, to take the time of the Society with reading letters from absent members, but there are one or two here that I think probably it would be well to read. There is one from General Nelson A. Miles:

"Your very kind letter was duly received, and it would give me the greatest pleasure, and I should esteem it an honor, to attend the coming reunion of the Army of the Tennessee at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. I fear, however, that official duties requiring my presence here will make it impossible for me to be away at this time. Please convey to the members of the Society my deepest regret, and most profound respect for the organization that has contributed so largely to the perpetuity of our institutions and the welfare of our common country.

I remain, with great respect,

Yours very sincerely,

NELSON A. MILES,
Major-General, U. S. A."

A telegram from General Alger:

The President desires me to express his great regret that other duties and appointments prevent his being present at the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee; and for myself, I wish to say that I had fully expected to enjoy that pleasure, but regret exceedingly to state that my official duties, as explained to General Dodge, will prevent me from doing so. The loss is mine.

R. A. ALGER.

From Mrs. General Logan:

MY DEAR GENERAL DODGE:—On my return from Tennessee last night I found your letter of the 21st. I do not know where your previous one has gone. I did not receive it, or I should surely have answered it immediately. I am exceedingly sorry that I can not have the pleasure of being with the

grand old Army of the Tennessee at its reunion this year, as each year is the last to so many of us that I always fear it may be the last opportunity for me to meet and greet the gallant survivors who followed my illustrious husband in so many battles, and who shared all the dangers and victories that made the Army of the Tennessee immortal. Convey to them my best wishes and sincere regrets.

Trusting, dear General, that you may long be spared to preside over the Society, and have participation in the festivities and pleasures of each recurring reunion, I am,

Yours very truly,

MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

From General W. T. Clark, whom you remember as being General McPherson's Adjutant General and Chief of Staff:

OMAHA, NEB., *October 27, 1897.*

The last surviving Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Army of the Tennessee sends greetings. Give him a place in your hearts to-day.

W. T. CLARK.

General Hickenlooper:—General Dodge, as you will remember, last evening read a letter from Mrs. General Grant. It appears proper that there should be some official acknowledgement and some response in keeping with the sentiments of affection expressed by her in that letter. If some gentleman will kindly make a motion that the Corresponding Secretary transmit a suitable response on behalf of the Society, it will be accepted.

Captain Matteson:—I make that motion.

The motion prevailed.

The President announced as the Committee on the Mower Monument, Hon. H. R. Belknap, of Illinois, Captain J. A. T. Hull and Colonel D. B. Henderson, of Iowa.

The President:—I wish to have the comrades bear in mind that it is necessary for us to be prompt to-night in marching into the hall at the Plankinton House for the banquet. I would like to have you meet in the parlors, or near our headquarters, at a quarter to eight, when the bugle will sound, so that we can take our seats promptly at eight. Please bear this in mind, because it is necessary for us to get to work promptly.

General Pearson:—If there is nothing further before the Society, I move that we adjourn.

The Society adjourned.



29th Reunion

Society of the Army of the Tennessee

October 27 and 28, 1897.

Plankinton House,

Milwaukee, Wis.

Menu...

Blue Points

Salted Almonds

Terrapin aux Quenelles a la Sherman

Olives

Celery

Amontillado

Columbia River Salmon, au Court Boullion

Potatoes Duchesse

Larded Filet of Beef, Providence

Brown Sweet Potatoes

Chateau de la Paix

...Tennessee Punch...

Quail Barde Roasted, with Cress

Green Peas

G. H. Mumm

Assorted Cakes

Fruit

Glace aux Macarons

Cheese

Crackers

Coffee

Cigars

Cognac

= Toasts. =

1. "The President of the United States"
 Response by COLONEL GEORGE E. BRYANT
2. SONG—"The Star Spangled Banner"
 MISS MARY LOGAN PEARSON
3. "Our Departed Comrades" Response by ARCHBISHOP IRELAND
4. SONG—"Health to the Army of the Tennessee"
 PROF. DANIEL PROTHEROE
 WORDS WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION BY MR. JOHN G. GREGORY.
5. "1776-1861" Response by MRS. CHARLES H. SMITH
6. RECITATION—Selected GENERAL J. H. STIBBS
7. MUSIC PROF. CHRIS. BACH'S QUINTETT CLUB
8. "The Pay Department as it was During the Late Unpleasantness" . . .
 Response by MAJOR HOYT SHERMAN
9. SONG—"Father Abraham's Daughter"
 PROF. DANIEL PROTHEROE
10. "The Volunteers of 1861-1865 Since the War"
 Response by GENERAL JOHN C. BLACK
11. POEM—"Reddy and Red" PROF. WM. E. ANDERSON
 A STORY OF 1861 WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION.
12. "Our Kindred Societies" Response by GENERAL HORATIO C. KING
13. SONG—Selected PROF. DANIEL PROTHEROE
14. "The Enlisted Men" Response by MAJOR R. W. McCLAUGHRY
15. MUSIC PROF. CHRIS BACH'S QUINTETT CLUB
16. "Our Successors" Response by MR. GEORGE BUCKLAND
17. SONG—"Friar of Orders Grey" PROF. DANIEL PROTHEROE
18. RECITATION—Selected GENERAL J. H. STIBBS
19. Auld Lang Syne . Prof. Protheroe, Bach's Quintett Club and Audience

BANQUET.

THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 28, 1897.

The members of the Society, with their ladies and invited guests, assembled in the handsomely decorated dining-room of the Plankinton House at eight o'clock P. M.

Father Sherman asked a blessing:

"Bless us, oh Lord, for these gifts we are going to receive from Thy bounty!"

After the table was cleared, the President said:

Before we commence the second part of our feast, I request the comrades and the guests to refrain from conversation during the talking, and that the waiters retire to the back part of the room, and only serve such things as are needed during the intervals.

General Dodge said:—"Our first toast will be responded to by one who needs no introduction to the Army of the Tennessee. He was the brigade commander of the Wisconsin and Illinois soldiers at 'the bloody angle' on Bald Hill on the 22nd of July, 1864. My own acquaintance with him commenced almost a half century ago at Norwich University, Vermont."

FIRST TOAST.—"*The Presidents of the United States.*"

Response by Colonel GEORGE E. BRYANT.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND COMRADES:

Kings are born kings. Emperors oft reach their thrones through blood, and sustained by an enforced soldiery.

Every four years the president of the United States is elected by the votes of his countrymen, to execute the people's will. Twenty-eight times since the formation of the government has this act of electing the president been performed; only once have the people rebelled. In that rebellion the Army of the Tennessee was no idle factor. What it did to sustain the president, Abraham Lincoln—the peer of any man or any ruler that has lived in any country or any age—maintain the nation and vindicate the wisdom of its founders, let our sons and grandsons tell.

Twenty-four citizens of the republic have been called to this, the most exalted office on the earth. Not one has been impeached. One may have halted under the burden of the "impending crisis," another may have stumbled, tripped by the excitement of the crisis passed; history will give to both the meed that is their due, of being loyal to the trust committed to them.

We are a century removed from George Washington, the leader of the men who humbled England's pride and retired to private civil life, and was called by his countrymen to be the president of the nation he had helped to make, he ruled for three million people living along a narrow strip of land bordering the Atlantic ocean. He was a man of strong passions. That time demanded such. 'Tis said he would put a whip over a black fellow's back if his horse was not well groomed, and did call a man, and he a general, a damned drunkard; this last in the heat of battle. Washington loved brave men and fair women. To walk the minuet with some winsome lady; to sit at banquet cued and powdered, with Colonial dames, and his chivalric officers, was pastime he much delighted in. A hundred years have passed; no one living ever saw the first president, who today is still first in the hearts of his countrymen!

The world is fast learning to know Ulysses S. Grant, as we of the Army of the Tennessee knew him; from Belmont to Appomattox he was and is the central figure. Our first commander deprecated war. There was no cruelty in his heart. He had rather ration prisoners than bury them dead. He planned, fought and won battles not for glory but for his country's salvation. He was a steadfast man; in the God of battles he put his trust and turned not back. Most just was he to friend and foe. He was a gentleman always, everywhere. Amid war's wild alarums he never forgot the courtesy due his fellows. In crossing the North Anna the rear gun of battery "B" (of Buena Vista fame) ran a wheel off the bridge and blocked the way. Captain Stewart set about to extricate the gun. Grant came along, and impatient at the delay began to give orders direct to the men. Captain Stewart saluted him and said: "General, with your permission, I will take care of this gun." "Certainly, Captain," said the commander of all the armies, "You undoubtedly know better how to do it than I do, pardon my interference."

Our idol, he who said "Let us have peace," became the presi-

dent. He ruled for thirty-five million re-united people, dwelling on prairie and mountain between the lakes of the north and the gulf of the south, from ocean to ocean. Like Washington he loved brave men and he loved his wife. He had rather frolic with his children than dance a quadrille. We shall not look upon his like again.

In a little village in a central state, beyond the woods where Washington with his frontiersmen covered the retreat of Braddock's army, lived in 1861 a lad, whose grandsires had fought with Washington, who at his country's call enlisted as had they, a private soldier. While Colonel Grant was marching the 21st Illinois volunteers from Springfield over the fertile prairies of the the Mississippi valley, our hero with knapsack and gun was "marching in the mud with the boys," a private of the 23rd Ohio across the mountains of Virginia.

At the close of the rebellion, a participant in twenty fights, at the age of twenty-two, he was mustered out of the service a Major.

Twenty-five years after the battles were over and war drums had ceased to beat, Grant had been brought down from Mt. McGregor and entombed on the banks of the Hudson, and the Major had become the foremost man in the popular house of the National congress.

In 1896 the time came to elect a new ruler, and the people called for Major McKinley, of Canton, a private citizen, as was Washington and Lincoln. Why? Old soldiers yet living remembered how his sword was won, and related to their sons the story of his heroism at Kernstown and Antietam. Sheridan had told of his meeting this young officer, planting a battery as he reached Cedar creek after the famous ride from Winchester.

Patriots remembered the labor he gave the "protective tariff bill" that bore his name. Everybody knew two acts of his life that showed the honor of his mature years and his unselfish loyalty.

A Roman citizen thrice refused a crown. A citizen of our republic twice put aside a presidential nomination.

When the convention at Chicago in 1888 was almost stampeded and the spectators expected to see the Garfield nomination of 1880 repeated, McKinley rose in his place and said: "I am here by resolution of a state convention commanding me to cast my vote

for John Sherman. I accepted the trust and I demand that no delegate who would not cast a reflection upon me, shall cast a vote for me."

At Minneapolis in 1892 while chairman of the National convention, he challenged the vote of Ohio and demanded that his ballot should be cast for President Harrison.

These two acts showed to his countrymen that Major McKinley was worthy of the office held by Washington, Lincoln and Grant, and they, the people, set about his nomination and election. And so this evening we drink to the health of William McKinley; Soldier! Statesman! Patriot! The President of the United States! He rules for seventy million prospering people.

Elected! The wheels in the rivers of New England began to turn! A bushel of Dakota wheat is worth a hundred cents! Butter made in Minnesota is sold in Europe! Sheep in Wisconsin are worth shearing. Driving horses are no longer sent to the shambles! A dollar is a dollar from Maine to Oregon!

Long may the people's president live, and in the increasing prosperity of the nation under his administration, God grant that he may see each of his countrymen receive their just share of the fruits of this prosperity.

And may his be the glory of giving protection to the dwellers on the islands "sandwiched" in mid-ocean and freedom to the patriots on the island of the gulf.

The President:—The next is a song, "The Star Spangled Banner," by the "daughter of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee," Miss Mary Logan Pearson.

At Miss Pearson's request the audience joined in the chorus.

The President:—The next toast, "Our Departed Comrades." This was to have been responded to by Archbishop Ireland. He had accepted the invitation, and expected to be present here to-night. He was called to Washington, and was unable to return in time. He sends his regrets for the disappointment. We will have a short ceremony in place of the toast, and I introduce Captain Magdeburg.

Captain Magdeburg requested the audience to rise, and he recited the following lines:

Fear not for them, on these lower fields,
Let us labor with arms unstained,
That we may be worthy to stand with them
On the shining heights they have gained.
We will meet and greet in closing ranks,
In Time's declining sun,
When the bugles of God shall sound recall,
And the battle of life is won.

Our roster thins, as years pass on we drop off one by one;
Ere long, too soon, to yearly call, there will be answer, none;
Then, as along the record page those mourning columns creep,
The whisper comes—to closer still our living friendship keep.

Another thought we forward cast to that not distant day,
When left of all our gallant band will be one veteran gray,
And here's to him who meets alone wherever he may be,
The last, the lone survivor of the grand old Tennessee.

Taps were sounded by Bugler James Christenson, and Captain Matteson led in singing, "The Shining River."

The President:—The armies of the Cumberland and the Tennessee fought together on so many fields that they became well acquainted. Their societies have a membership mostly from the same states, and have been often together, but the Army of the Potomac was far away from us. We have seldom had those gallant soldiers with us. To-night we are honored by the presence of officers of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, and it is with great pleasure that I present to you a distinguished officer of the United States Army. You have known him long as its Adjutant General, General George D. Ruggles.

General Ruggles spoke as follows:

**MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY
OF THE TENNESSEE:**

For the third time I have the great gratification of being with you at an annual reunion. From year to year, you have had the courtesy to bid me to your festivities, and that I have not been with you oftener, is because of duty at stations too distant to permit me to attend. In response to your cordial invitation for this year, I come now, but not in my individual capacity alone. I come also as the representative of your brother soldiers of the Army of the Potomac. I bring to you from them the expression

of their affectionate regard, and I give to you their "All hail to the Army of the Tennessee!"

The Army of the Potomac was not composed exclusively of eastern men. Ohio and Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, gave to us of their choicest spirits, and even California furnished to us from her quota. From our immediate surroundings to-night, in this state of Wisconsin, came those gallant regiments, that with one from Indiana and later one from Michigan, formed the historic, the heroic Iron Brigade. Well may the country be proud of such soldiers!

It is held in the military service that it is not well for any organization to be too near headquarters. It was not, perhaps, the best of good fortune for the Army of the Potomac to be placed in such contiguity to the National capital. It gave opportunity to the ambitious, the disappointed, the discontented, the incapable through political influence, rather than through military recommendation. Through this and other discouragements, through frequent changes of commanders, through hard knocks, the Army of the Potomac endured in long suffering, and never lost heart. In its sturdy steadfastness, it had encouragement by cheering news that ever and anon came to it from the western armies, and especially from the Army of the Tennessee. Henry and Donelson were as the first light breaking through the sombre clouds. Shiloh demonstrated that threatened defeat could be made to blossom into victory; the capitulation of Vicksburg and the opening of the Mississippi river gladdened the hearts of the soldiers in the moment of victory at Gettysburg; the veterans of the Wilderness watched with admiration your victorious columns from Chattanooga to Jonesboro, beyond Atlanta, in one continuous battle of one hundred and thirteen days over a field one hundred and thirty miles in length; and, as we lay in the trenches before Petersburg and Richmond, and you had achieved the march to the sea, you sent to us the happy tidings that Savannah and Charleston were yours!

Poor words of mine are inadequate to tell you how we gloried in the brilliant achievements of your grand list of commanders, Grant and Sherman, McPherson, Logan and Howard. The death of the noble McPherson, the man without fear and without reproach, was to each one of us a personal bereavement.

There were not wanting times when the army chafed under war's delays, and plans thwarted apparently at the moment of

successful execution. I wished for a speedy annihilation of the enemy and peace. With the good-natured, easy-going, forgiving disposition of the North, an early annihilation of the enemy and a consequent peace, would have brought to us a patched up peace only, a peace with the constitution as it was, a peace with the retention of slavery, a peace with a second war of secession in its train bloodier than the first. A Providence wiser than man ruled our destinies, and decreed that there should be no peace till the abolition of slavery should be accepted, and that the mission of the Army of the Potomac and her sister Army of the James of annihilating Lee, and of capturing the Confederate capital, should not be fulfilled till the Army of the Tennessee and her sister armies should have cleared and recovered every foot of territory south and west, east of the Mississippi, and left no resting place for a fleeing frightened Confederate President and his cabinet, no possible refuge for any semblance of a Confederate government.

All honor and glory to the men who fought the good fight for the preservation of the Union, and gave stability to American institutions—institutions purified through the blood of the martyrs of the war of the rebellion!

Professor Protheroe sang, "Health to the Army of the Tennessee."

The President:—The next toast, "1776-1861."

You remember, comrades, at our last reunion, we made a new departure. You all know now what a good departure it was. In selecting the lady to respond to this toast, I selected one who has been to nearly every reunion of this Society, and it is with great pleasure that I present to you Mrs. Charles H. Smith.

FIFTH TOAST—"1776-1861."

Response by Mrs. CHARLES H. SMITH.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

May I not add *comrades*? for I have served in the ranks for nearly thirty years under the "Majorship" of one of *your* members.

I recognize the compliment paid to my sex in this honor conferred, but what can I bring to you that will seem to justify your

gallantry? What can a woman say of the Army of the Tennessee that has not already been said and re-said with an eloquence that I could never hope to emulate? What glorious reminiscence can I recall that will make your hearts throb the faster, or your eye dim with tender regret for the days that are gone? You listened to General Rawlins in 1866. You have listened to General Grant, to General Sherman, to General Logan, to General Belknap, to General Howard, to Colonel Jacobson, to Colonel Cadle, and to other distinguished members of your organization. How can I believe that you will care to listen to me. Can I hope to surprise the Army of the Tennessee with anything new? No. The Army of the Potomac was surprised when General Grant took command, and they marched out and did *not* march back the next day. Other armies have been surprised, but *not* the Army of the Tennessee.

You have heard of the soldier hastening to the rear, who, when stopped by the general with the stern command, "Go back to the front and don't be a baby," sobbingly said, "I wish I was a baby, and a gal baby at that." It was *my* sex and *my* youth that kept me from the front in 1861, or from participation in the noble sanitary work. I was not even able to be an incentive to some recruit by promising to be a sister to him should he live to return. But I am the wife of a veteran of the Army of the Tennessee, and the great grandchild of six veterans of the war of the revolution, and so I come, as a Daughter of the American Revolution, to bring a greeting from the old soldier of '76 to the boys of '61.

You come to these reunions to talk over old times, and to congratulate one another upon the part each took to preserve this great country from terrible disaster. It is right that you should do this as long as one is left to tell the story. But I say to you, that if it had not been for the ancestors of the Daughters of the American Revolution, you, brave men and true as you are, would have had no country to save.

The "minute-man" of 1776 was the prototype of all that was brave, of all that was daring, of all that was enduring in the civil war of 1861. He was the advance picket guard of political freedom. He, too, was a young man when he took up the cause of liberty, and as has been said "Where, without the dreams of the young men lighting the future with human possibility, would be the deeds of the old men, dignifying the past with human achieve-

ment." The minute-man held himself ever alert, ready to march at a moment's notice when his country called. At the first alarm, he sped the signal on, seized his gun, hastened to the village green to join his comrades and receive his pastor's blessing, and then marched to do, and if need be, to die for freedom.

You, who felt the thrill pulse through the North when the first shot was fired on Sumpter's starry flag; you, who heard the steady tread of marching feet, as the boys in blue responded to the alarm, you will recognize a kindred spirit in the minute-man of 1776—the man who made the country that your valor saved.

Here is the pledge to which these sturdy men subscribed, when each signature meant to the writer possible ignominy or death:

"WHEREAS:—It appears that the enemies of the United States of America are laying every plan in their power to ruin and destroy us, and we apprehend it to be the duty of all the inhabitants of the states to be in the greatest readiness and preparation to exert themselves in defense of this country in this time of danger."

(This might have been written in 1861, but it was written in 1775.)

"WHEREFORE:—We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do promise and engage to equip ourselves immediately with guns, ammunition, etc., and be ready at a minute's warning, by night or by day, to go to and assist our brethren wherever they may be attacked; and upon an alarm, we will immediately appear on parade at the meeting-house, and each of us will be provided with a good horse, that we may sooner get to the place attacked."

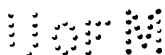
They evidently intended to belong to the cavalry.

During these uncertain times the patriotic town of Munson sent this patriotic message down to Boston:

"We have eighty fellows in this district, a greater part of whom are disciplined and excellent marksmen. I dare be bold to say that at about thirty rods distant they would pick off Tories as fast as so many hawks would pick frogs from a frog pond."

How does this compare with General Dodge's sharpshooters, who are said to have picked off "Johnnies" two miles away?

In the battle of Stone Arabia, the wretched little fortress was supplied with one poor dwarf of a four pounder and a single cannon ball. After that was gone, they broke horse chains into fragments, and charged the little cannon with them, which, as they went sailing through the air, carried consternation to the enemy, who, in superstitious fear, cried out that the devil was after them, and took to their heels and the shelter of the woods.



Did not the same kind of blood tingle in the veins of General Hickenlooper, who at Shiloh, instead of running his guns away from the enemy, when that seemed the only chance "to live to fight another day," ran them through the rebel lines with the remark that "the enemy must get out of the way, or he would run over them."

History repeated itself many times during our late war, and heroic deeds that had once been peculiarly associated with the Revolution, were again enacted on southern battle-fields.

Who does not recall the sturdy patriot, General Herkimer, who with one leg shot away backed himself against a tree and kept command of his little army giving orders with the utmost composure while enduring the extreme of physical suffering. Eighty years or more after this "Who will guard these prisoners?" was asked in action. "I will," said Colonel Jones of the 53rd Indiana, who was sitting under a tree severely wounded. And drawing his sabre, he ordered the prisoners around him as the fight went on.

The question has often been asked of what practical value to the general public is the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution? I answer this tonight by another inquiry. Are the annals of the birth and infancy of a great nation of value to that nation? Suppose through carelessness or indifference those records were being irrevocably lost or destroyed. Would not the gathering and saving of them be an act worthy of commendation? You, who are saving and recording the noble deeds of the Army of the Tennessee by gatherings such as these, will give a most emphatic *yes* to my questions. Such is the direct aim of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Does any member of that little army whose path often was marked by bloody prints that bare feet left on frozen ground, now fill an unknown grave, unmarked, untended, it will be the loving duty of the Daughters of the American Revolution to find such grave and rescue the name of that neglected patriot from oblivion. You, who on every Decoration day turn your footsteps reverently toward the places where sleep your comrades will enter into the spirit of our work.

Is there a school district in which the study of foreign or dead languages crowds aside or out the history of this country's glorious achievements for life and liberty? The Daughters of the American Revolution will see to it that every child of this great republic

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shall be restored to his birthright—a knowledge of, a familiarity with, the reasons why the strains of “Yankee Doodle” and “Marching Through Georgia” should make his pulses quicken; why the names of Washington and Jefferson, of Lincoln, Grant and Sherman should mean to him immeasurably more than an Alexander or Wellington, a Napoleon or a Cæsar.

It is due to the efforts of the Daughters of the American Revolution that our flag, “The bright morning star of hope to the nations,” now floats unchallenged in the wake of Sherman’s march to the sea. In 1892, Mrs. Harrison, our President-General, issued an order to us to hang our beloved banner on the outer wall on the coming Fourth of July. In far southland where, for many years the American flag had symbolized defeat and long continued suffering, where, from private homes at least, it had not floated since the war, this order created a sensation. On the twenty-fifth of June, the *Atlanta Constitution* published a full column on the subject, headed “The Flag to go up!” I quote a brief passage from that article: “It has been a day long, long ago, since the Union flag was hoisted by woman’s fair hand over the roof tree of the family circle in celebration of the glorious Fourth of July; but this year when the bright sun rises on this fair land of old Columbia, it will greet again the stars and stripes unfurled over hundreds of housetops. It will be the work of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution” The Atlanta chapter of our society adopted ringing resolutions of approval which re-echoed through the state, and thus once more Old Glory went marching through Georgia.

In telling any part of the history of America, we may seem to boast, but we daughters are very proud of our Revolutionary ancestry. We are twenty thousand strong, and it is very hard to find among us one who does not claim an ancestor who fought at Lexington or Bunker Hill, or was, at least, a member of Washington’s body guard.

And in the years to come, when we ourselves have become ancestors, and our patriotic and admiring great grandchildren meet, as we do tonight, to keep green the memory of noble achievements of the civil war, each will claim or wish to claim that his ancestor belonged to the greatest army that ever took part in any struggle for freedom—one that never lost a battle—the grand old Army of the Tennessee.

The President announced the sixth toast, a recitation by General J. H. Stibbs.

SIXTH TOAST.—“*Decoration Day on the Place.*”

Response by General J. H. STIBBS.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

Had I been a poet, or even the son of a poet, I would certainly have tried to originate something new for this occasion, but you all know that in the little part I take as an entertainer I simply try to tell the stories that somebody else invents, and therefore I am compelled to go back and take something that may be old to many of you.

At our meeting in Chicago a half a dozen years ago,* I think it was, we had as a guest, James Whitcomb Riley, who responded to the toast, “A Common Patriot,” and in connection with it he gave us a poem entitled, “*Decoration Day on the Place.*” In concluding his remarks in response to the toast, and in connection with the poem, he described the old home on the farm, where a race of patriots had been raised.

The scene of it is set upon the farm—the old home place where a race of patriots has been reared. There is the old ancestral roof, with the old locusts looming all about it, with the old sweet blossoms on them, and the old bees droning there; the old door yard; the old porch, and the old dog sleeping in the sun; the old well sweep, the little garden patch, and the old orchard just beyond, made sacred as the family burial ground. The old house is very full of quiet now. Sometimes an old man comes out and sits upon the porch and looks wistfully across the fields to where the road to town goes by. Sometimes an old woman comes out and sits there with him, saint-like and silently. They see sometimes a neighbor driving by, and know him by his horses; sometimes they see go by—in early morning generally—two, three, five, sometimes as many as a dozen different wagons, and then they know there is “a big day” in town. Maybe an old settler’s meeting, a political rally, or Decoration day. Vague rumors reach them of these alien affairs; but they are always interested to hear of them

*NOTE by the Secretary.—See page 526, the volume for 1891.

—especially Decoration day—the more so since it seems most important to his old home-keeping couple, who have never attended this annual decoration service made so much of by the people of the town. Their Decoration day experiences the old man might sum up like this:

And General Stibbs recited the poem.

General Stibbs was recalled, and recited Colonel John Hay's poem, "Banty Tim."

The recent appointment of Colonel John Hay as Minister to England has created a renewed interest in his poems, the Pike county ballads, one of which, "Banty Tim," I will recite for you.

In 1865, Sergeant Tilmon Joy returned to his home in southern Illinois, bringing with him a young colored boy, to whom, for good and sufficient reasons, he had become very much attached. This boy was known as "Banty Tim," and he was the first of his race to settle in that particular neighborhood.

When his presence there became known to the "Knights of the Golden Circle," a committee from their Society was sent to inform Sergeant Joy that the colored lad would not be tolerated in their midst. I will endeavor to give you his reply to the committee as he gave it:

I reckon I gît your drift, gents—
You 'low the boy sha' n't stay;
This is a white man's country;
You're Dimocrats, you say;
And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
The times bein' all out o' j'int,
The nigger has got to mosey
From the limits o' Spunky P'int!
Le's reason the thing a minute:
I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat too,
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
For to keep till the war was through.
But I came back here, allowin'
To vote as I used to do,
Though it gravels me like the devil to train
Along o' sich fools as you.
Now dog my cats ef I can see,
In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
Ef Tim shill go or stay.

Proceedings of the Society

And furdur than that I give notice,
Ef one of you tetches the boy,
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jist hear me!
You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped
And torn and tattered we lay.
When the rest retreated I stayed behind,
Fur reasons sufficient to me,—
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
And br'iled and blistered and burned!
How the Rebel bullets whizzed round us
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
I couldn't believe for a spell:
That nigger—that Tim—was a crawlin' to me
Through that fire-proof, guilt-edged hell!

The Rebels seen him as quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees;
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him once to his knees;
But he staggered up, and packed me off,
With a dozen stumbles and falls,
Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
And here stays Banty Tim:
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him!
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

After music by Prof. Bach's Quintette Club, the President introduced Major Hoyt Sherman, to respond to the next toast.

The President said:

The next toast, "The pay department as it was during the late unpleasantness," to be responded to by one who during the war we were often anxious to see. We would even postpone a

battle to get a sight at him and at his cash. The toast will be responded to by Major Hoyt Sherman, the brother of our loved commander.

EIGHTH TOAST.—“*The Pay Department as it was during the Late Unpleasantness.*”

Response by Major HOYT SHERMAN:

Recalling the incidents of the war, one that is remembered by many of you to-night, was the frequency with which announcements were made from headquarters that such an officer was created Major-General by brevet for gallant and meritorious service. That such an officer was promoted to Colonel, or Brigadier, for the assault and capture of Brown's Cross roads, or some such place. These announcements related only to officers in command of troops. Even quartermasters, who distinguished themselves by running in a train load of pork and beans to a beleaguered garrison short of rations, were mentioned in orders for promotion. But the able and gallant officers of the pay department were always overlooked in the distribution of these honors. I do not propose here to reason out why this grievous oversight occurred, but only to demonstrate the injustice of it.

The paymaster, with his peculiar implements of warfare, at regular stated intervals visited the camps or barracks of every military organization in the service, whether on the Potomac, the James, or the Rappahannock, the Mississippi, the Cumberland or the Tennessee, in the valleys or on the mountain tops, south of Mason and Dixon's line, and even north of it, and with a liberality never excelled in the history of the world, scattered his store of greenbacks to all within his reach. The modest private, as well as the General in command and all intermediate grades were recipients of his bounty. He asked only in return for this liberality the autograph of the officer or soldier to whom he gave it, and was even satisfied, in some instances, with the mark instead of the signature. While engaged in this distribution of his bounty, he was the guest of the camp, and received its substantial welcome and refreshment, both solid and liquid. But there was no honorable mention in general orders—no suggestion of promotion for his efforts or his distinguished liberality.

Aside from the lack of appreciation of the service of the pay-

master, there was a very grave and ever present danger that his treasure, or a portion of it, might be stolen, not only by the enemy, but by some of the adventurers always hanging on the skirts of a large army. There was no adequate protection furnished by the government. With a few exceptions, the officers of the pay department were alone in the military service in being required to give heavy bonds for a strict accounting of every cent given to them for disbursement. The money supplies for the payment of the Army of the Tennessee came from either the St. Louis or Chicago sub-treasury. From those points they were compelled to transport their cash to the front, in distant parts of the south, and often through a hostile country, or what was more dangerous, through neighborhoods and camps where they, and the valuable property in their charge, were well known. In special cases a "Corporal's Guard" was detailed to protect the treasure. But then the paymasters had to assume personal responsibility that the "Corporal's Guard" was returned in good condition, and they found the care of the treasure was a less responsibility than the care of the guard.

After the bi-monthly visit of paymasters to the camp and their free distribution of the greenbacks to all its occupants, they ceased to be officers of any importance or interest, till the next bi-monthly period came round. They were somewhat compensated for this indifference by the respect and deference accorded to their official positions in the northern states. There they were recognized as an important part of the military machinery of the government. Every two months they distributed to officers and soldiers in camp their full pay in nice, fresh, crisp greenbacks. These greenbacks, without soil or blemish, found their way back to the families of the soldiers, with the statement that they had just been visited by the paymaster. The fresh, new bills were associated in the minds of the recipients with that official, and he was very naturally credited with either owning or controlling the mill that ground out that wonderful grist. The men who hold the purse strings of the treasury are believed to control the affairs of the nation, and by many good, simple minded people of the north, the paymasters were credited with wonderful powers. An instance is cited: In 1862-3 details were made from nearly every regiment in the field to the state from which it came, to recruit and fill up the ranks decimated by death or disease. These

recruiting parties operated in nearly every neighborhood in the northern states, and while gathering in recruits for their respective regiments, also did a little courting on their own account. They all strived to secure a recruit for life for themselves, while recruiting "food for powder" for the government. If not successful to that extent, they would gain a faithful correspondent at home who would, on their return from service, join hands with them for life. One soldier, who was ordered back with his party to his regiment, but had not finished up his courtship, applied to the post commander for a ten days' extension of his furlough, and was promptly refused unless he could produce an order from a superior officer. The father of the young soldier, an honest old hoosier, applied to the post paymaster for such an order, explaining that it would otherwise break in on a courtship with a very nice girl—a courtship which all parties favored. The paymaster at once issued a peremptory order to the post commander, his superior officer, to give the soldier a ten days' furlough in which to complete his courtship, and learned afterwards that his order was wholly disregarded.

The enemy which you gentlemen were seeking for and combating, was always in your front. The enemies which the officers of the pay department were fighting, were always in their rear. The risk of transporting great sums of money entrusted to them for disbursement, through hostile territory, was assumed cheerfully, and the trust faithfully discharged, but the real enemies they had to encounter were in their rear, comfortably quartered in the offices of the second comptroller and the second auditor in the Treasury Department at Washington. The duties of those officials seemed to be to use every possible technicality in passing upon the accounts of the paymasters, and to demonstrate that all officers in that service were defaulters to the government in large amounts. The slightest deviation in the spelling of a name on a pay-roll, no matter how ridiculous or petty, formed sufficient ground for disallowing a payment. In the spelling of the common name of Smith, if the y was used instead of i, or if the final e was added in one place and not in another, there was a stoppage of credit. If our respected President, in attaching his signature to a pay account, had accidentally omitted the middle d in his surname, the paymaster who held the voucher, would have been called on by those wise accountants in the Treasury Department

to produce official evidence that Doge was the proper way to spell his name, and that he was a direct descendant of the Doges of Venice. Those officers who had the pleasant duty of describing their servants in their pay account, and receiving pay for same, unwittingly caused the paymaster much trouble in explaining differences in their names from one month to another. Usually, the servants for whom they drew pay, were domestics employed in their homes in the north, and the Mary Jane of one month might be written Maria Jane in the next, or the John Thomas of one month, the James Thomas of another, and the wise men at Washington would call on the paymaster to explain the cause of variation in spelling. One sample case is cited: General Grant's accounts, including description of servants, in the fall of 1861, were made out for him by the then Captain (afterwards General) Rawlins, and signed by the General. One month, when military affairs were in a hurried state, the account was handed to the paymaster for payment, and he was asked to copy the description of the servants from a former account, which he did. That account, when reached by the slow processes of the auditor's office, was suspended, and an explanation asked why the servants' description was in a different hand-writing from the body of the account. The paymaster was unable to explain, but mildly suggested that the President be asked to order General Grant to appear at the Treasury Department, and make the desired explanation. As the General was at that particular time closely engaged in the Wilderness extending a warm welcome to some old friends, it is presumed the President did not act on that suggestion.

Such was the battle in which officers of the pay department were engaged during the long years of the war, and for many years thereafter, and though the conflict left them with no physical scars, their moral natures were badly scarred by the vigorous and emphatic profanity they indulged in, because of the unreasonable and absurd stoppages in their accounts by clerks in the auditor's and comptroller's offices.

You gentlemen will, I feel assured, bear witness that the patience, the perseverance, and the profanity, necessarily exercised in the long struggle with technicalities, fairly entitled the officers of that department of the army to at least a brigadier's commission.

In those stirring times, there was no mention in general orders of members of the pay department for promotion—no brevet

commissions floating round within their reach. In all the years that have passed and gone, it is too late to render them full justice for their services, unless the poets of the present day can be invoked to sing their praises. All they can ask, or expect now, is that you will extend to them, as of old, in the way of hospitality, the very best the camp affords.

After the song, "Father Abraham's Daughter," by Professor David Protheroe, the president said:

The next toast, "The Volunteers of 1861-1865, since the War," will be responded to by a brave and distinguished comrade of our army, distinguished in his state, and distinguished and honored all over the United States,—General John C. Black.

General Black said:

Mr. President, it is not the first time in its career that the Army of the Tennessee has used fixed ammunition, and inasmuch as this is the fashion, I am not going to depart from it. I have prepared in writing the remarks which I shall make to you.

TENTH TOAST.—"*The Volunteers of 1861-1865, since the War.*"

Response by General JOHN C. BLACK.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

I speak for the survivors of a measureless contest! Let me point to the last of their hostile days—that gateway of time through which they marched from strife to victory!

When the sun rose on the 8th of April, 1865, a million and a half of men on the American continent were seeking each other with arms in their hands, intent upon mutual destruction. Hostile camp fires burned in fifteen states of this Union; great palls of smoke were massed around Selma and Mobile and Petersburg and Richmond. Every highway and byway almost of the south was occupied with contending forces.

The historic ninth came and passed!

When the sun rose on the 10th of April this whole vast area, as by the transformation of a theater, bore a new aspect. War had ceased; armies were fraternizing; the end of the great rebellion had come and come in a day!

To his beaten adversaries Grant's word opened up new hope and his gauntleted hand directed their steps from red bivouacs back over old pathways to their homes. He told them to rebuild these homes, secure from the consequences of their past and responsible only for their future acts. The nation magnanimously ratified his pledge; and thus the men in gray marched from the scene of their great struggle and gallant contests never to be reassembled! And that other army, their victorious countrymen, without a flagrant note of exultation in the presence of the vanquished, lifting on high their victorious ensigns, turned from the front and melted, as an organization, from the face of the earth! The like of that day has never been known to history; not a guerrilla band survived the vanquished; not a vindictive blow was struck by the victorious host. It is impossible to conceive of a more complete triumph, not alone of arms, but of great purposes and principles.

By the speediest roads of travel the men in blue marched back to their own dear, long-abandoned homes. They surrendered their faithful arms to the keeping of their government; their flags they hung up in memorial halls; their fame they bequeathed to their country and the world.

After a little period of rest the veterans of 1861-1865 turned to the contests of peace. In some instances they found that affection had kept room for them, but more often they found that the ranks of civil life had closed solidly over the places which they had vacated to go to the front. They had to form on the left! They had to take place in the rear rank of civil life! But not to remain there! The tall plumes which had led in the lines of battle and had been the oriflammes of great victories, no longer nodded above their heads, but their active brains, their warm hearts, their earnest purposes, their strong arms, soon won for them recognition and distinguished place.

Mr. President, what have they not done since 1865? They have been building railroads; opening mines; drawing streams of living water down irrigating channels and making thus the wilderness to blossom like the rose! They have become prosperous farmers, great merchants, leaders in finance, captains of industry. Their blue uniforms have been replaced by the uniforms of toil. They push the plow; they ring the anvil; they hold the plow. They have brought to the sacred desk the devout service of consecrated

powers and eloquent tongues; they who learned the weaknesses of human nature amidst the horrors of the hospital, have administered with the gentle skill of healing knowledge to the sick and the afflicted; and in high tribunals of justice they have inscribed with the pen, on the tablets of the law, what they strove for with the sword. They have been extending the blessings of self-government to wide regions where the buffalo ranged and the wolf sentineled the passing night; their cities rise where the lone tepees stood. They have been making states. They have become representatives, senators, governors, presidents. In foreign lands they have illustrated the dignity and glory of the Republic, both in public and private stations. That some have fallen by the way is true, but the uncountable majority have been worthy of American citizenship, and in the fields of labor, thought, purpose, invention, enterprise, daring and genius, they have ranked with the foremost of this illustrious century.

And these have been, so far as true results are concerned, not the greatest of their achievements. These have been the individual accomplishments of individual soldiers. But the multitude of them, the vast aggregated mass of them, have performed a higher and nobler part.

They have sought the scenes of old battles and joined hands with their once estranged brothers. They have poured the refreshing currents of capital into the war-drained ways of southern industry; putting by the sword, and grasping the spade, they have builded great establishments of labor over the area where they contended, until the roar of reviving commerce smothers the lingering echoes of strife; and while so uniting national interests and ignoring sectional lines they have subdued old hates; they have conquered the judgments and appealed to the hearts of their gallant former adversaries until America is all American; they have asked those whom they once fought, to assist in rehabilitating the nation; and the loud response, the daily intercourse, the wide commingling masses show that they have won their greatest triumph in the ways of peace—a people not alone united but unified spreads all over the land! Greatest of all, they have taught the lesson of their lives and the history of their times to the young of this whole dominion and to the thinkers of mankind. They have remodeled diplomacy. They have taught the nations that arbitration is better than bloodshed

and the sway of reason better than slaughtered hosts and widowed women and fatherless babes. They have taught the world that in support of human rights America will first exhaust every honorable expedient of peace, but if these fail, will fight it out on proper lines if it takes a summer of summers and a battle-ship on every billow; and that for the enemies of those rights there are no terms but unconditional surrender. They have testified that it is sweet and becoming to die for the country; that liberty is man's divine earthly right and never should be compromised or surrendered. They have inwrought the things for which they strove with the very fibre of government and the fabric of the age; they have shaped constitutions and laws to the purposes of liberty, the union of the states and the high destinies of the Republic.

There is no island on which men dwell so remote, there is no barbaric power so inaccessible because of its investiture by continental wildernesses, there is no people so abject, that into their hearing and lives the story of the men of the great rebellion has not entered, making them fitter for the coming citizenship of the world. That flag which ran with fire across the ocean wave, and pressed through all the recesses of the tangled wilds of war, undimmed and untarnished, is lifted into the very zenith of the political heavens!

Let the veterans all pass, as the great leaders already have; those that bore rank and the undistinguished many! But what they did, lives on and grows and brightens with the passing years!

And now that the invincible assails them—now that time fights resistlessly against them in their age, the survivors becoming more and more conspicuous, are enshrined by American affection and American pride. There they stand—the survivors—their history secure! And though folly or ignorance may write of that history in abounding error, though sculptured urn may lie, the uplifted bronze be but the effigy of misrepresentations, the printed page be but the annal of false pride and false sentimentality, though all man's mischievous art should seek to exalt error and distort the truth, though the loving and flattering tongue of kindred and association should palliate error and pervert the truth, yet, trust me, that monumental mountain and grave-strewn plain, linked with the deathless names of battles and their heroes fallen in liberty's cause, and kept by her sacred power, will blazon and display the luminous truth. The constitution witnesses the truth. The republic,

undivided and indivisible, perpetuates the truth. All uplifted humanity tells and will tell to latest time who and what were victorious, and where was the living truth.

Let no man be disturbed about the history of the war. It is not written by man's hands, nor changed by man's cunning brain. It is written by the finger of God all over the glowing years! It is kept on the granite fronts that lift above the clouds; on the unceasing currents of rolling streams; in the names of villages, cities, counties and states; it is stamped all over the face of this broad continent, and treasured true, wherever liberty has followers and freedom devotees; poetry tells its glorious acts; all the years step to the measure of the Union drums, and stir to the call of the Union bugles, and lift themselves up to the measure of the deeds of the Union's sons. Our eagles tell it to the stars! It mingles with the sea songs of strife and victory. It is blown by the free winds about the globe. It is the history of established liberty, and law, and advancement!

So, Mr. President, the veterans of 1865 can turn from that secure past, and from the vantage ground of achieved results, review the passing years and the multitude of our country.

For a moment to us here in this festive scene, the curtained future opens, and we may see such a review in which those who marched and saluted, are in the stand. Their old flags are above them; flags from Pea Ridge and Donelson; from Vicksburg and Gettysburg; from Chickamauga and Antietam; from Mobile and Appomattox; flags of the Potomac army and the Tennessee; the Cumberland and the Ohio; the Georgia and the James; the frontier and the south-west; flags from cavalry, and artillery, and infantry; flags from the Hartford and from the Kearsarge, and the sea graves of the **WIDE FUTURE EMPIRE OF AMERICA**; flags from the siege and the march, and from twenty-three hundred fields of strife—all afloat in skies of peace, while drums are jubilant, and bugles blow the brave airs of old! Under those colors they are there—the steadfast and the brave—crowned with the laurels of great liberty's bestowal, while before them move the columns of the young, who salute them, as they pass and cry,

“What you have won we will keep!”

The vanishing men in blue review the children of the republic! All the children of **ALL** the republic! What countless columns pass before them! How the long lines stretch on! They



come from Florida and its everglades; they come from the golden-gated Pacific; they rise from the hearthstones of our mighty west, and from the shores of our inland seas! They come from the Atlantic border, and from Pennsylvania, and New York, and Tennessee, and Kentucky, and New England; from Alabama, and Georgia, and Texas—an armorless army! No guns gleam over them, no flashing swords array their lines. They are children; the children of the whole people, north and south, marshalled in the interest of the republic. While bearing no material weapons, they know a geography which shows an unbroken country; they have learned the mathematics of MANY IN ONE; they speak one tongue; they march to a future which is one for all of America's children, and over them all rises but one flag—the flag of the free—never to be lowered until this mighty array for whom we saved a country, to whose feet we opened up every avenue of progress and prosperity, have helped enlighten the ages, and made the brotherhood of mankind a fact as wide as the world.

The President said:—The next toast will be responded to by Prof. William E. Anderson, who will read a poem written by him for this occasion, entitled, "Reddy and Red: a Story of Sixty-one."

ELEVENTH TOAST.—*Poem, "Reddy and Red."*

Response by Prof. W. E. ANDERSON.

"REDDY" AND "RED:"

A STORY OF SIXTY-ONE.

Reddy and I were apprenticed out
 In the summer of sixty-one.
 Both of us struck at the same smith's forge
 Where the heaviest work was done.
 Reddy was older by just a year,
 Though I struck the heavier blow;
 Reddy struck quickly and in between,
 While I swung heavy and slow.

Both as to hair were no doubtful hue,
 But "Reddy was reddest," they said;
 They called us "The twins of the heaviest forge,"
 "The babies," and "Reddy and Red."
 'Twixt the long heats of the heaviest forge,
 As we rested the usual pause,
 Reddy proposed that we answer the call
 To strike for the Union cause.

So Reddy and I went across the way,
In the summer of sixty-one,
With aprons upturned and soot begrimed brows,
We left the heat undone.
Reddy was first to enroll his name,
And he shaded the page with grime
Of iron and smoke from the heaviest forge
Where we were serving our time.

Proudly I followed with similar pledge;
As the captain looked over the page;
"Both of you seem to be young," said he,
"Suppose you enroll your age."
Reddy at once set down "eighteen years,"
But the captain, still looking at me,
Just smiled as in doubt, when Reddy replied,
"We're twins," sir, don't you see?

We swing the sledge at the heaviest forge,
And I am just eighteen;
Red swings heavy and slow, and I
Strike quickly and in between.
They call me "Reddy" and call him "Red,"
He's the bigger twin of the two;
He swings the heaviest sledge in the shop,
And the captain smiled "you'll do."

Those were the days when the shop and farm
American youth employed,
And physical training meant "useful skill,"
And labor its honors enjoyed.
That was before the athletical craze
Had invaded the life of today,
Where a hundred look on but to bet and yell,
While a dozen engage in play.

Drilling and training were over at last,
And the day of our marching set;
But the parting of friends when the hour arrived
Was something I ne'er can forget.
There were weeping and sighs and cheeks all pale,
And a sadness too bitter to tell,
For many of those who were marching away
We knew 'twas the last farewell.

Standing all thoughtful and watching our file,
Was a maiden alone and mute;
I noticed her steadfastly looking at us,
And I noticed, too, Reddy's salute.

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Reddy was silent, but now and again,
As we stood there awaiting the sign,
I saw that his glances had meaning for one
Who still kept her place near the line.

"Forward!"—at last came the word along,
And the files were promptly dressed;
Into the line sprang the fair young girl,
And clung upon Reddy's breast.
Passionate grief for a moment,—then,
One kiss, and she was gone.
Ere he pressed her close and said "good-by,"
The line was moving on.

Many the jokes that were passed about
By comrades familiar grown;
Raillery rules in the camp's discourse;
Few things are sacred known.
But never a man ever passed a jest
Or mentioned when Reddy was nigh
That the maiden who entered the line betrayed
Her love when she kissed him "good-by."
Safely with other dear memories kept
On love's own sacred shrine,
They revered that conflict of grief and love
Expressed by the kiss in the line.

Reddy, just once, on a dark picket night,
Talking the by-gones o'er,
Told me in confidence, "'twas but the once—
I never had kissed her before.
Love her? I'd die for her." That was all
That passed till a later day,
When "On to Atlanta" became the word,
And Kenesaw forward lay.

"Forward to Kenesaw mountain, boys,"
"On to Atlanta," the word.
Georgia was scourged by the hand of war,
Her slavery atoned by the sword.
Lookout, Resaca and Dallas were passed,
"Forward by center and flanks."
Slowly and bloodily all the way,
Till Kenesaw halted our ranks.
Grimly forbidding she raised her head,
And slowly our lines closed in;
Echoed her rugged and death-built sides,
To the cannon's thundering din.

"Push on your rifle pits twenty rods,"
The order by Hooker was sent.
"Volunteers called to advance the works,"
Echoed from tent to tent.
"Answer who will, as I call the roll,
Step to the front and say 'aye.'"
Nobody spoke till he came to the Rs,
When Reddy made prompt reply.
"One volunteer," said the sergeant grim,
"Six are required in all."
Five in succession then stepped to the front
Before he had finished the call.

Filling our boxes with cartridges,
And cleaning our guns for fight,
Waiting for dusk, as the order said,
"Advance under cover of night."
Reddy was serious, talked of home—
Spoke of the girl left behind.
"Should I not meet her again," said he,
"Tell her I kept her in mind.
If you should love her, and she consent,
Wed her, for she will be true;
Both of you think of the lad down South
Who would die for either of you."

Over the ramparts at dusk we went,
Leaving the pits in the rear—
Pushed on the line as the order read,
And waited for morn to appear.
Twenty rods nearer were we to the foe,
Who greeted us early with lead:
Kenesaw frowned like a giant in wrath,
While cannon shot screamed over head.

All the day long was the fighting hot,
They focussed and crossfired our pit,
Splintered our head-log and feinted a charge,
But we yielded never a bit.
All the day long on the anvil of war,
In the heat of that mountain gorge,
Swinging the sledge on the unyielding foe,
We struck at the heaviest forge.

Steady we held till the night's relief
Was forming to take our place,
When suddenly Reddy lay quickly down,
And I noticed a change in his face.

Proceedings of the Society

"Reddy, you're fainting; or are you hurt?"
 I pushed back the locks from his brow;
 Redder his hair, and all wet with blood—
 No reason to ask him now.
 Closing his eyes, not a word he spoke,
 And when the relief was sent,
 Reddy was sleeping on Kenesaw's breast,
 And I went alone to our tent.

* * * * *

After the war, when the boys came home,
 I greeted the maiden one day,
 Who broke in the line to kiss Reddy "good-by,"
 When the regiment was marching away.
 Still she was lovely, and time's light hand
 No shadows had left on her face,
 Where the beauty of innocence lingered still,
 Perfected by womanly grace.

Often I met her, and often told
 Of the struggle and fight so near
 To Kenesaw's deadly rifle-pits,
 When he was the first volunteer.
 Often I gave her the message he sent,
 For a solace she seemed to find
 In the words he had spoken that fateful night—
 "Tell her I kept her in mind."

Speaking of "Reddy" one Christmas night
 A year or two after, she said:
 "Would he not think we are traitors now,
 If he were to rise from the dead?"
 Promptly I answered: "No, for once,
 Reddy, in speaking of you,
 Said: 'If you love her, and she consent,
 Wed her, for she will be true.'"
 Then as I looked in her eyes I saw
 The light of a new love shine;
 And I whispered that Reddy would happier be
 If he could but know she were mine.

We have been wedded for thirty years,
 Love by good fortune is blessed;
 Both of us cherish remembrance of one
 Who sleeps upon Kenesaw's breast.
 Five happy children, and three of them
 Are boys, and the youngest son

Is eighteen this summer—just the age
Of Reddy in sixty-one.
“Reddy” we call him, and proud he is
Of the name; though it seems to tell
The hue of his hair, he has heard the tale
Of the lad who at Kenesaw fell.

The President:—Our next toast, “Our Kindred Societies.” There is a fellowship in our societies that few understand and none can describe. It is a friendship cemented by the touch of the elbow in battle, and the Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Potomac has come here all the way from New York to respond to this toast. I wish to assure him this Society extends to him its most cordial welcome. I introduce General Horatio C. King.

TWELFTH TOAST.—“*Our Kindred Societies.*”

Response by General HORATIO C. KING.

MR. PRESIDENT, COMRADES AND FRIENDS:

The gracious introduction of your President would be more embarrassing to me were it not for the peculiar fame which I have attained. You may not know that I am from Brooklyn, which is in the county of Kings, and the adjoining county is Queens. A few years ago, I was engaged in a political campaign. I was down on Long Island and in riding through the little town of Patchogue, I passed under a great banner on which was inscribed:

GRAND RALLY TONIGHT!

ADDRESSES BY

HON. JAMES M. COVERT OF QUEENS!

—:AND:—

GENERAL HORATIO C.

KING OF KINGS!!

I am here this evening by the generous hospitality of your President, General Dodge, the memory of whose courtesy will long be treasured. The tramp through Virginia mud in 1862 from Washington for three years in the seemingly hopeless effort to reach Richmond one hundred miles distant, is in marked contrast

to the trip of eleven hundred miles from New York to Milwaukee in General Dodge's private car. But if there had been no war there would have been no Army of the Tennessee, and therefore there would have been no private car for me. Yet after the tender allusion of Mrs. Major Smith to the Army of the Potomac, I almost feel like saying "I want to go home."

If you will pardon the diversion, let me add that I have watched with some interest the advance of the "coming woman," and if all the women of the West are as bright as Mrs. Smith, I am inclined to think that the day is not far distant when enfranchised woman shall march to the polls with banners flying and bands gaily playing—"Tommy, make room for your Aunt!"

(At this point Mrs. Smith presented to General King, and also to General Ruggles, a miniature American flag as a peace offering.)

I never stand in the presence of my comrades that I am not strongly impressed with the lapse of time since we, mere stripplings, marched shoulder to shoulder in the great contest for the preservation of the Union. The grizzly beards, the gray hairs and the no hair to speak of now spread out before me recall the lapse of time, and the changes which have come over us. I am reminded of the story of a Dutchman who having attained a bountiful share of this world's goods, thought to have a picture of his father painted. So he went to an artist and made known his wish. "Certainly," said the artist, "send him to my studio and I will make the portrait." "But," said the Dutchman, "mein fader is dead." "Ah, well," replied the artist, "send me a photograph or a daguerreotype of him." "Nein, nein, we have no picture." So he described the features of his deceased parent as nearly as he could, and the accommodating artist proceeded to make a picture from the pigments of his imagination. When it was completed, he invited the family to the studio, and they all gathered around the portrait in wrapt admiration. Finally Katrina broke the silence, and raising her hands heavenward exclaimed: "Yah, yah, zat is mein fader, but mein Gott, how he is changed."

It has been my good fortune to attend many reunions like this of many different organizations, and being of an impressionable nature, I have sometimes felt, as on this occasion, like transferring my affections from my own Army of the Potomac. But I am held in check by the moral of the story of the young fellow who

fell in love with two girls at the same time—an experience which I presume none of my comrades here have enjoyed. One of the girls was supremely beautiful—a Venus in face and figure—and the other was as homely as a Virginia snake fence. But she had a grand voice, and sang divinely. He was sore perplexed, but recalling to his aid his reasoning faculties, seldom consulted in love affairs, he philosophized thus: Beauty is but skin deep, and in a few years her's will fade, and I shall have nothing to attract and comfort me. But there is that divine voice; it will be an entertainment and solace for many, many years. So he married the girl with the divine voice, and all went along happily until one morning he had occasion to rise very early, and before his bride. There she lay sleeping, her head drawn back over the pillow, her mouth wide open, a gentle snore disturbing the stillness, and all her homely features exaggerated. As he gazed on the picture his heart sank within him, and he felt his love oozing out at his very finger ends. So in an agony of despair he exclaimed, "Aggie! Aggie! wake up Aggie, for God's sake, and sing something!"

In the pleasure of meeting so many new friends and comrades, I am somewhat embarrassed at my inability to recollect names, or to connect them with the personages to whom they belong. It is one of the evidences of advancing years, and I am encouraged to feel is not an uncommon failing in men of my age. It may comfort you as it does me to recall the experience of Joe Jefferson, who, on one occasion, was coming down in the elevator of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when he saw an acquaintance whom he knew well, but whose name just then escaped his memory. After shaking hands with him cordially, he threw out a little feeler, as we often do to relieve our embarrassment, and asked, "By the way, how long have you been in New York. The gentleman smilingly replied, "I have lived here many years. "Well," said Joe, "you've got me; what is your name?" "My name," said the gentleman, "is Ulysses S. Grant." "Well," said a friend to whom he was telling the story, "what did you do then?" "Do," replied Jefferson, "I got out on the next landing, for fear I might be blamed fool enough to ask him if he had ever been in the war."

I am glad you see the appositeness of this illustration—as appropriate as was a present of a lawn mower by a gentleman to his

friend in Chicago upon his recent marriage—because he had married a grass widow.

Looking over this brilliant assemblage of brave men and fair women I can not refrain from contrasting it with the rough experience when we were doing that which made these reunions possible. I recall an incident of the winter in front of Fredericksburg, when the intense cold of a few days would freeze a crust on the earth, underneath which would be a fathomless sea of mud. Horace Porter when asked if he had ever been through Virginia, promptly answered, "Yes, many times, this way," pointing downwards. One bitter night a soldier on picket was pacing his beat, soliloquizing thus: "Yes, I love my country, but look at this shoddy overcoat. It's a nice garment to issue to a patriot, for such weather as this; but I love my country. Ugh! look at these shoes; paste-board tops, with soles glued on; yet I love my country. But if I ever get out of this scrape, I'll be damned if I ever love another country.

I am tempted by your generous reception of my nonsense to continue in the same vein. But it is time to make a change, I am reminded by the example of a friend in Brooklyn, who after a long widowerhood became again engaged. His sorrow had been long and his acquaintances believed could not be assuaged. One of them meeting him on the street, said: "How is this, Jones; are you a subject for congratulation?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I am engaged to be married again." "You surprise me," said his friend. "How can you marry again after inscribing upon your wife's tombstone, 'The light of my life has gone out?'" "Oh!" said Jones, jauntily, "I thought it was time to strike another match."

And now to my subject: It is an inexpressible pleasure to be in communion with the noble representatives of the Army of the Tennessee, whose fortunes we of the Army of the Potomac followed with such intense interest during the long and bloody struggle. Forts Henry and Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Atlanta, the March to the Sea and the final contest at Bentonville were as dear to us as the Peninsula, Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Petersburg, Richmond and Appomattox. For were we not all one grand army, nerved with the same magnificent purpose of crushing rebellion and preserving the Union one and inseparable forever.

The toast to which I am to respond, "Our kindred societies," is usually presented in another form: "Our sister societies;" as in our reunions in the East, for no reunion is complete that does not award to the armies of the West equal glories with the armies of the East, even though we did feel a little selfish pride in the grand spectacle of unabated zeal whether in the presence of defeat or victory and in the fact that our losses far exceeded those in the West—from which a fair inference might be drawn that we did our full share of the fighting. I recall that at one of our reunions in 1887 at Saratoga that great soldier who so long honored this Society as its President, General Sherman, was assigned this toast, and in his characteristically brusque manner, said: "Brothers, I don't know why it is you call them sisters; is it because you thought them effeminate? I don't think my old Army of the Tennessee was effeminate; but they were brothers in arms. They loved you and they thought of you, and oh, from what a distance." And then after lauding the deeds of the Armies of the Cumberland and of the Ohio, he dwelt at length and with affectionate emphasis upon the prowess of his own Army of the Tennessee with whose representatives I am so proud and happy to be to-night. And when he concluded we gave him a whirlwind of cheers and elected him an honorary member of the Society of the Army of the Potomac. You ought to have that address in your own published proceedings, and I will be glad to furnish it to your Secretary.

There were distinctions in name, but there was no difference in the valor and devoted loyalty of the several armies. We were all American volunteers, all following the same flag, all inspired with the single object the restoration of peace and national unity.

The story of human valor never grows, and never will grow old. From the day when, as a child, each stood at his mother's knee and heard repeated the courage of the youthful David, who slew the giant Goliath with his sling, and put to flight the army of the Philistines, down through the ages, each recital of valor has awakened a chivalric response in every human breast. Montgomery dying on the heights of Abraham, and cheering his flagging troops; Lawrence, mortally wounded and with his last breath, murmuring, "Don't give up the ship;" Farragut, lashed to the shrouds in the storm of shell and shot in Mobile bay, and a thousand similar heroic actions have nerved many a soldier's breast to

brave deeds and comforted him when stricken down in the line of duty. "It is sweet to die for one's country," says the Latin poet, and many a soldier, "To fame and fortune alike unknown," has willingly given himself a sacrifice that the land he loved and by which he was nurtured might be saved from dissolution and dishonor.

When the war was ended and the vast armies of the rebellion melted away like snow before a blazing sun, the war spirit seemed to dissolve with it. The veterans resumed their peaceful pursuits with glad alacrity. The rebellion was conquered; victory was ours, and all united with eager zeal to rebuild the waste places and repair the destructive results of the terrible struggle.

When the white flag of truce at Appomattox proclaimed the termination of the fratricidal conflict, the men who but an hour before had confronted each other with bellowing guns and smoking muskets, clasped hands in fraternal fellowship, and the conqueror with the conquered, shared their rations and sat down together in friendly intercourse. Then came the dispersion of this mighty host, and sweet peace again smiled upon a united nation. But the comradeship formed under circumstances of war, is the strongest the world ever knows. It is related that during the Crimean war, the allied troops were encamped in front of Balaklava, preparatory to the advance which was expected on the morrow. The radiant moon bathed this vast camp in its silvery sheen, unsuspecting of one of the bloodiest tragedies in the world's history about to be enacted.

At length the peaceful silence was broken by a single company of British troops, who began to sing the familiar ballad, "Annie Laurie." Bayard Taylor has made the incident immortal:

"Give us a song the soldier cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.
They lay along the battery's side
Below the smoking cannon,
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.
They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

The tender memory touched a responsive chord in every heart, and soon the great field resounded with its suggestive strains.

“ Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.”

So likewise, is the contagion of fellowship, which permeates the hearts of all who touched elbows and drank from the same canteen through the long and weary years of bloody war. There is no comradeship such as that which has been baptized and consecrated by fire. The camp, the bivouac, the march, the fierce engagement, are memories not to be obliterated, and the faces of those who shared with us the common hardships and dangers, the joys and sorrows, the defeats and victories, are photographed upon our hearts, and can never be effaced.

“ There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers knots, I ween;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend like this,
We have drunk from the same canteen.”

In a few years there came with overwhelming force, the desire to see old faces once more, and speedily there sprang up associations of the survivors—the Loyal Legion first, and then that mighty host, unparalleled in history, the Grand Army of the Republic, now four hundred thousand strong. And then the several army societies I have named, whose published reports embrace some of the most interesting and eloquent records of the great war, and invaluable to the future historian. (Here let me add “paranthenetically” that Colonel Cadle, General Boynton and myself, the Recording Secretaries of three of these great societies, whose salaries are nothing, and are doubled every year, are not “in it” as much even as the paymasters so graphically described by Major Sherman. No monuments will be erected to our memory other than those embodied in our annual reports.)

The true safeguard of the American republic lies in its ability to call from its sixty millions of people engaged in peaceful avocations, five millions of able-bodied men, ready at a moment's notice to abandon their offices, their stores, their workshops, their ploughs and their homes to fight in defense of the country which belongs

to them, and over which they rule. The noble purpose accomplished by the war, the destruction of human slavery on this continent, obscures to some extent, one other great result of that mighty conflict. It brought to the front the American volunteer, and gave notice to the whole world that the strength of a great nation lies not in its standing army nor in its extensive navy, but in the patriotism of its people; in the calm, cool and calculating courage of its citizens, who prefer death to dishonor, and hold love of country almost co-equal with love of God. The volunteer of 1776 suffered privations the half of which can not be fully appreciated. The volunteer of '61 in the foul prison pens of the South, bore equal horrors with the same heroic, unfaltering endurance. The tramp, tramp, tramp of two million men echoed around the civilized world. It shook the thrones of kings and emperors; it startled from apathetic repose the oppressed and down-trodden of the earth, and above the thunder of this majestic tread rang out the clarion cry of liberty! liberty! liberty to all nations! And it is coming so sure as day follows night, and that the God of justice reigns.

When the ill-fated Marshal Ney was about to be ruthlessly slaughtered by the Bourbons, and the officers entrusted with the dastardly duty read to him his death warrant, in which were recited the noble titles which had been conferred upon him for distinguished bravery—Duke of Eichlingen, Prince of Moscow, and many others, he said with biting sarcasm, "Call me Michael Ney, a French soldier." So, my comrades, there is no grander title to-day than that which each of us here may claim, "I was an American volunteer."

But I must resist the temptation to detain you longer. Our ranks are fast thinning out, and soon we too, my comrades, will "cross over the river, and rest under the shadow of the trees." In a few short years, the last who wore the blue in the grandest war for the noblest purpose in the history of mankind, will answer to the final roll call. Then shall be gathered together that glorified army which from '61 to '65 marched shoulder to shoulder, conscious of right, indomitable to purpose, ready to die if only the nation might live, and in ages to come their great deeds will be remembered, and lisping tongues shall speak the praises of those who riveted with bands of steel the irrefragible fabric of our noble republic.

When life's campaign is at an end,
And we are mustered out,
The Yankee cheer and Rebel yell
Will mingle in one shout;
We'll greet our late antagonists,
And then no more shall know
Nor Union nor Confederate,
With Banny Havens, Oh!

After a song by Professor Daniel Protheroe, the President said: This toast was to have been responded to by another person, and our comrade, who is to take his place, was given but short notice. Like the good soldier he is, he answered Yes, with the same alacrity that he answered when called upon to line up and face the enemy,—Major R. W. McClaghry.

FOURTEENTH TOAST.—“*The Enlisted Men.*”

Response by Major R. W. McCLAGHRY:

The enlisted man of the Army of the Tennessee cuts an important figure in the history of that organization, and was an important factor in the achievement of its fame. He was a composite man. Daniel O'Connell once remarked to his proud British peers that, “Irish Nora no less than English Mary, gave to Great Britain the boys that won her renown on all the red fields of her fame.”

But we placed not only Irish Nora and English Mary under tribute to furnish forth the enlisted man of the Army of the Tennessee, but also Highland Maggie and Lowland Jennie, and German Gretchen, the daughters of the Pilgrims and the fair blonde daughters of Sweden and Norway and Denmark. The Catholic and Huguenot alike contributed, and indeed, from every land “where man for man's sake died,” there came an element of character to build up that remarkable personage.

The enlisted man was the product of evolution. Those who knew him before the war or during its early days; who watched his development as it dragged its slow and deadly length along, could even then scarcely realize that the man who swung down Pennsylvania avenue, at Washington, in the grand review, was the same, who, at Cairo and Belmont and Fort Henry, first heard the sound of hostile cannon, and later at Donelson and Shiloh and

Vicksburg, learned that he could fight without entrenchments, and could even assault entrenchments.

The young man who attends our regimental reunions of these later days is liable to think that his father was a warrior from birth; that the enlisted man, as well as the commissioned officer, sprang at once full-armed and disciplined into the contest. Even the careful student of history sometimes fails to understand "in what a forge and what a heat" was shaped and tempered and refined and purified the Americanism as well as the soldierly qualities of the enlisted man.

To understand the evolution of the enlisted man you must realize how, in addition to the influences that presided over his birth, the training of the years just prior to the war, developed him in heart and life. You must have known him in the East, in the homes where every fireside was redolent with memories of the Revolution and the later glories of 1812; where the grudging soil, the requirements of the shop, and the discipline of the school, all taught him the value and dignity of labor, and the spirit and habit of application; where the discussions of the town meeting, of the newspaper, and even the congregational system of the village church, wrought into his soul the conviction that every man is equal to every other man, in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and a conscience unfettered.

And you must have known him, after he removed to and became a citizen of that new America, where, in the piney woods or lumber camps of the great North and Northwest or on the prairies or along the rivers of the great West, building the village or embryo city, turning the prairie sod, or felling the forests, he was breaking roads for the march of empire; and you must have gone with him into the ventures and experiences of that frontier and pioneer life.

You must have known him as he attended the district school in the winter, varying the monotony of study with evenings of spelling school or debate, or corn huskings or coon hunts. You must have seen him at wrestling matches, or foot races or "town" ball games (base ball, foot ball and tennis were not then known, and bicycles had not been dreamed of), or occasional election day "shindys" as he measured strength with his neighbor, and laid up for himself a store of muscle and endurance that should stand him in good stead on many a long march and in many a hot encounter;

and you must have seen and noted the effect upon him of the coming in of that new citizenship from other lands that brought him the elements that made up this composite enlisted man. From Germany, the revolution of '48 sent the men who had learned to love liberty along with Schurz and Sigel and Asboth and Hecker and Osterhaus; from Ireland there came those who had learned their definition of liberty from Burke and O'Connell and Emmett, and into whose faith had been enwrought the love of American freedom by Hughes and Ireland and Gibbons and Sheridan and Kearney and Mulligan. The land of McPherson and McArthur sent its rugged hatred of tyranny, while the patient and mild-eyed Scandinavian brought with him tales of the hammer of Thor, and the fresh breath of the sea, which was always the breath of liberty.

The weekly newspaper penetrated to his home. The daily had not been heard of in his locality. The New York *Tribune* and kindred publications found their way, through the mails, carried on horseback, to almost uninhabited regions, while the *Congressional Globe*, filled with ponderous speeches of Congressmen, formed a sort of political library for almost every township.

In these and other publications came discussions of the slavery question in its various phases—commencing in 1850, with the question of returning to their owners, fugitive or escaped slaves who had fled to the Northern states—increasing in intensity with the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in 1854—and reaching white heat in 1858, when Lincoln and Seward startled the country by laying down the doctrine of an “irrepressible conflict” between freedom and slavery, and declaring that this government “could not permanently endure, half slave and half free”—speaking in words that now read as much like prophecy as the visions of Daniel or Isaiah, but were then denounced by many honest men, as firebrands of disunion.

Tho' keeping his ears wide open to these discussions and often taking part in them, the boy of 1861 did not believe they would lead to armed strife. He heard the threats that occasionally came up from the southland, but he remembered that Jackson once put down rebellion with his “by the eternal!”—and as he for the most part believed implicitly in Jackson, even, it is said, to the extent of still voting for him in some localities—he assured himself that the

name of Jackson would be sufficient to "down" any rising specter of secession or disunion. I doubt if one in ten of the boys of 1861 believed, even as late as December 1, 1860, that the Southerners were crazy enough to attempt actual secession, and inaugurate actual war.

The excitement kept increasing as state after state went out, and when at last, the shot against Sumter, like that at Concord bridge, was "heard round the world," the boy of 1861 reluctantly came to the conclusion that the "arbitrament of arms" was ordered, and he was ready.

His first move was to proceed to the village green, where the Douglas and Lincoln flag poles had stood since the last political campaign in silent rivalry, and hewing them down, he proceeded to splice them into one pole, from which the flag of the Union should alone float thereafter. Not yet did slavery appear to him to cut much figure in the conflict. "Abolitionist," so-called, was as hateful to him, almost, as secessionist—save that they had not taken arms against the government. But the *first thing* to be attended to was *armed rebellion*, and so the boy of 1861 answered the president's call.

To appreciate him properly you should have seen him when he put his name down on the enlistment paper for the three month's service, in the old Court House, or the school house, or the corner store—amid the cheers of his fellow-citizens and the envious blushes of all the pretty girls in the neighborhood. But not all his fellow-citizens cheered him on his enlistment. Here and there throughout the North, sympathy was manifested with secession, sometimes covertly, sometimes more or less openly, until the term "copperhead" came to fitly designate a class of enemies who, at certain periods of the war, gave the soldiers of the Union more anxiety than the armed foeman in their front; but with the coming of victory and the return of peace, the "copperhead," like the "tory" of the Revolution, quickly vanished, and the name has, happily, become obsolete.

Ah! little did the boy of 1861 think when signing that enlistment paper, that each of those three months would lengthen into a year, and to their sum yet another year would be added, before he would see the end of the great war!

With what pride he stepped out upon the village green and was lined up with his comrades in single rank formation, by some old

fellow who had seen service in the Mexican war, and who, our hero supposed, as he listened to his commands, had held at least the rank of *General*! How his sisters and his cousins and his aunts gathered around him, and gave him all sorts of advice as to care of his health; how the ladies gathered into societies at once and made red flannel shirts to answer as temporary uniforms for the new company, while the mothers prepared stores of bandages, lint and Perry Davis' Pain Killer, and the country physician gave daily lectures on the nature and treatment of gun-shot wounds. The result proved that the mothers were wiser than the doctors, for more of the first enlistment fell before green apples, green corn and unripe watermelons than by the bullets of the foe.

And now he starts for the camp, with the freshness and awkwardness of inexperience upon him—loaded with blankets and boots, and all the “impedimenta” deemed necessary for his comfort by the entire neighborhood from which he comes; having never—in thousands of instances—seen a cannon more formidable than the old mill shaft used in the Fourth of July celebrations, or a saber, or a musket with bayonet attachment, he takes his place in artillery or infantry or cavalry service, without the least idea as to which arm of the service he is best adapted—fixed in but one purpose, that of doing and suffering to save the Union and defend the flag. But that boy is yet, within the next four years, to give lessons to the trained veterans of Europe, in cool, unflinching, intelligent courage, and to make the glories of Arcola, and Austerlitz, and Waterloo, pale before Shiloh, and Vicksburg, and Stone river and Atlanta, and Franklin, and Nashville, and Chickamauga, and the Wilderness, and the hundred fields where American soldiers proved their right to be counted among the bravest of the brave.

To further appreciate the boy of 1861, you must have seen him when he surveys, for the first time his quarters in camp, and is, for the first time, turned over to the tender mercies of that most exasperating and yet most useful institution of the early army—the German Drill Sergeant. As he lines up with the awkward squad, in that old field near the camp—without arms—to go through the “setting up exercise”—how he trembles at the approach of that superior being and wonders whether he is a *Major-General* or only a Brigadier!

You must have followed through all the agonies and contortions

of that dreadful day, and have gone with him that night to his slumbers, while ever and anon, through the wild delirium of his dreams comes the face and gesture of that Drill Sergeant, and his dread command, "Eyes Vront!" "Eyes Vront!"

And when, the next morning, he comes out from beneath his blanket, stiff and sore and discouraged, and tells his captain that he does not feel well and believes that he will not drill to-day; the captain tells him that he can not help him; that there is an institution in camp called "sick call," to which all ailing soldiers must repair, in order to be excused from drill; and to sick call he goes—*once*, but he resolves that if the Lord will thereafter spare his life on any kind of terms whatever, he will live it out in some way, or seek an early death in battle, rather than again face that terrible doctor and his more terrible hospital steward, with his pills, compared to which grape shot would seem to be a luxury—and so back to drill he goes, reflecting seriously upon the question whether, after all, African slavery, where the master has a *monied interest* in his chattel, is not preferable to German slavery, where the master has only a vested right to make his victim's life a burden. But if you watch him closely, you will find that day by day he becomes more accustomed to this servitude; that day by day he comes to understand more clearly the *method* of the drill, if not its ultimate object; until finally he can detect a smile of approbation on the grim sergeant's face, as he places a gun in his hands and assigns him to his place in company maneuvers. Now comes the drill in the manual, the loading and firing, bayonet and skirmish drill, and all the battalion and regimental movements. With the drill in firing comes the strong desire to do some *actual shooting* at a *real* instead of an imaginary foe.

But this was the "Vealy" period of his service. Gradually the habits of obedience, of promptness, and steadfast application become more natural; his uniform fits him better; his feet and hands seem less in his way than before. And now, one evening at dress parade, he hears an order read, assigning his command to—brigade —division —army corps, and ordering three days' cooked rations prepared. The next morning he finds himself marching with his regiment, away from the old camp of instruction, down to a steamboat landing, or to a railroad station, where a train of cars lies waiting, and soon he is on the road to Dixie,

leaving the country that he soon after learns to refer to, with affectionate reverence, as *God's country*.

What an experience it is for him, as down the river on that old transport, or along the interminable miles of railroad in his cattle car, he speeds toward and across Mason and Dixon's line to the rendezvous, where Sherman or Grant, or Thomas or Buell or McClellan are organizing forces to "repossess the forts, places and property which had been seized from the Union," as the president's call had put it. How long the journey seems, and how pleased he is when the wheezy steamer ties up awhile for wood, or the train stops for water, and he is permitted to go ashore and stretch his legs, and *admire* the animals or fowls resident in the vicinity.

But at last the destination is reached, and one morning he finds himself in camp with his command on Southern soil, well back from the steamboat landing in the timber. Away out to the right and left he sees the white tents going up, indicating that other brigades and divisions are coming in, while back toward the landing, quartermaster's stores, commissary stores and ordinance stores are being piled mountain high, while batteries of artillery appear, pass and disappear through the timber, as if by magic. He now begins to understand that he is in an enemy's country, and finds it perfectly easy to keep his eyes open, while on picket—tho' as yet he has seen no enemy. If he finds himself sometimes involuntarily inquiring of himself, whether he is likely to be a little nervous when he *does* see an enemy, he dismisses that question promptly as unworthy of an answer by a *soldier*.

In a few days his camp is pushed a little further to the front, and he sees a more extended line of encampment than he has ever seen before. His letters to his "Annie Laurie," as well as to his father and mother, give glowing accounts of this pomp and circumstance of war, especially after his division has passed in review before the "Major-General Commanding!" And the evening after he and his fellows have drawn forty rounds of cartridges apiece, he submits to his father, *confidentially*, some mathematical calculations, showing what a tremendous hole will have been made in the Southern confederacy when his regiment *alone* has emptied 40,000 cartridges into it, to say nothing of the other regiments of the command!—while to quiet "Annie's" fears, he writes that statistics show, (so he heard the surgeon say, the other day)

that sixteen pounds of lead are fired for every man killed in battle, and he has learned from a *reliable* source that the Confederacy is *very short of lead*.

And now he catches glimpses and gathers information of movements of cavalry going on in front of our lines, which, the wise men of the camp say, betoken a force of the enemy not far off. In fact, reports have drifted through the camp for some days, that the enemy is in large force in the vicinity and evidently in fighting mood.

One day his whole brigade is suddenly ordered under arms, and sets out in the direction that he has seen the cavalry take days before. Away out through the timber, across the clearings, through old fields they march, until they finally halt near a deserted cabin, which seems to be a sort of headquarters, as he notices a general officer occupying it, while aids and orderlies are rapidly coming and going. While his command rests in place, there comes from over the hill in the distance the sound of fire arms—the sharp crack of the carbine, mingled with heavier notes of the Belgian or Enfield—some cavalymen come back hanging heavily in their saddles; his line is brought to attention and ordered forward; the noise in front increases; the sounds fill him with a new and strange sensation. As he analyses it after he returns to camp that night, he decides that it was a sense of *awe*, but had in it no taint of *fear*.

As he nears the crest of the hill—with his heart in immediate proximity to his throat—there dashes past a section of a battery, and soon the notes of the bulldogs steady his nerves wonderfully. The noise of musketry speedily diminishes, and as his command reaches the scene, he is somewhat disappointed and yet relieved, to find that the enemy has disappeared. As they march back to camp, he learns that his own and other commands have been out on a “reconnoissance in force”—and that what he heard and had come so near seeing, was a skirmish, or an “affair,” chiefly with cavalry.

Similar movements now become frequent; another reconnoissance gives him his first sight of a soldier killed in action; the cavalry comes in demoralized; heavy artillery firing is heard in front; one evening the regimental commanders are hastily summoned to brigade headquarters; upon their return, the field and staff are summoned to regimental headquarters; pretty soon those

little wizards of the camp, the orderlies, begin to flit about with mysterious messages and airs of the greatest importance; the company officers come around and quietly but carefully inspect knapsack, haversack, musket and cartridge box, and give orders about rations; the detail for picket duty is doubled, and as night comes on, there settles down upon the camp that indefinable quiet that *can not* be described, but can *never* be forgotten. The noisy "blowhard" who had been hunting a fight ever since he left home, is no longer in evidence. Around all the camp fires, and in all the tents, if they have any, the work of writing letters goes on until a late hour; and still later, around the smouldering embers, comrades can be seen in earnest conversation; here father and son, (for both in many cases were boys of '61) there near neighbors, are discussing the possibilities of the morrow, and making agreements accordingly.

Soon the morrow comes. The morrow big with fate for the boy of 1861! The day which is to set for him *forever*, the high seal of character, or stamp him as unworthy the name of American. The hasty breakfast disposed of, he is soon in his place, and the regiment is marching in column of companies through the timber in the direction from which the sound of strife had come the evening before. He passes ambulances that seem to be waiting for business. He sees upon a log the surgeon's instruments and rolls of bandages. He carries a solemn face in that march—perhaps a *pale* face—perhaps a face that shows the instinct of self-preservation in strong development; but there is no sign of *fear* in it, save the fear that he may not acquit himself according to his own high standard. Now they reach the edge of the timber—the leading companies deploy as skirmishers, and he discovers another line of skirmishers in the shadow of yonder timber, and soon makes out that they are clad in gray and butternut, and as they open fire, he concludes, with Major Stillman, of Indian fame, that they are "no friends of his."

As the skirmishing grows heavier the "spat", "spat" of the bullets is heard, as they fall around him, while he stands in that trying moment of suspense, waiting for orders. With the occasional expression of pain from the lips of a comrade, that tells its own story, there is borne in upon him the awful realization that the war is *actually on*, and he is *actually in it*. Now come the quick sharp orders which move the regiment to the front in line of

battle. The skirmish line comes back, and he sees a heavier line of gray and butternut before him; he hears that terrible yell, which can never be forgotten; he catches a glimpse to right and left of puffs of smoke heavier than musket smoke, and the screech of a shell tells him that the "Johnnies" are getting batteries into position. All the past of his life seems to pass in review before him, as it is said to present itself to a drowning man.

But the patter of musketry deepens to a crash; the yell comes nearer and louder. He hears the voice of his commander, calling him to fight for the flag and the Union. All within him that is manly responds to the call. He ceases to regard what is going on about him and gives himself to the work before him.

Now the good work of the German Drill Sergeant is made manifest, and the boy of 1861 blesses his memory as he loads and fires with the accuracy and steadiness born of drill, and keeps his place without being panic stricken, from the force of discipline. He takes no note of time, but an hour or two later, when he stands over yonder in the timber from which the rebel yell and the rebel lines have vanished, and wipes the sweat from his brow, and the grime from his musket, he can not realize, nor has he since been able to realize how, within that supreme hour of his life, he has been *transformed*, by a *new birth*, from a *citizen* to a *soldier*—aye! perhaps, to a *hero* of the Republic. But it was so! and afterwards for four long years, he marches and bivouacs and fights until his soldier life comes to be to him a second nature, and when peace comes at last, tho' he hails it with joy, he lays aside that musket and cartridge box, or that saber, almost with a sigh of regret. During these years he may have worn, in turn, the chevrons, the bars, the leaves, and perhaps the eagle and star of command, but at their close he is the boy of 1861, still.

Applied to him the words of the poet are eminently true, that

"The thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

He has lived an *age*, since he put his name down on that enlistment paper!

Behind him are the confused noise and garments rolled in blood of the battlefield. Before him is his country saved, it is true, from the assaults of armed treason, but to be reunited, "dis-enthralled, regenerated, enlarged and perpetuated," through the blessed ministries of peace!

To this new warfare he feels himself called, as truly as he was called by duty to the field of arms.

To put the iron of liberty into the blood of the nation; to give us a definition of citizenship which shall mean something; to incorporate into our constitution and laws the principles for which he fought; to care for the widow and orphan of the fallen; to rebuild the waste places that the war had made, and to so treat the brave men who had fought valiantly in a most mistaken cause, that they shall voluntarily abandon it as a *lost cause* indeed; these were some of the duties that presented themselves to the boys of 1861 at the close of the conflict, and have pressed upon them ever since.

In meeting these duties the boys of 1861 have often been misunderstood, misrepresented, maligned, but with steadfast step and faces to the front, they have marched along these lines for the third of a century since the noise of battle ceased. And when a few months ago, the Supreme Court of the United States, composed in part of those who were once our foes, engraved, by *unanimous* decision, as by a steel point on a great rock, the following doctrine, not only upon the record of the nation, but upon the general mind as well, viz:

"We hold that the government of the United States is one having jurisdiction over every foot of soil within its territory, and acting directly upon each citizen; that while it is a government of enumerated powers, it has, within the limits of those powers all the attributes of sovereignty."

I say, when the boy of 1861 read that decision, and saw, garnered within it, the fruit of all that he had fought for, he might well say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Comrades! the enlisted man of the Army of the Tennessee is still marching—marching down the slope, towards the river. The sounds of the past grow faint to his ears, but ahead of him, on the other side, he can discern the "trees of healing," 'neath which so many of his comrades are resting. So he cheerily answers our signals, and turns again his face to the front, as we and posterity exclaim together—"God bless the enlisted man of the Army of the Tennessee! What in the world would our army or the country have done without him!"

After music by Prof. Chris. Bach's Quintette Club, the President said: Our next toast, "Our Successors," will be responded to by one of our young comrades, one of us, the son of one of the distinguished officers of the Army of the Tennessee,—Mr. George Buckland.

SIXTEENTH TOAST.—"*Our Successors.*"

Response by Mr. GEORGE BUCKLAND:

"Backward, turn backward, oh! time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight."

Just for tonight: That I might see that loved form sitting there: That I might feel the pressure of that loved hand, as, marching side by side, we pass the open door, and take our seats before the festive board.

Can you not see us? At first, a grey-haired man with martial tread, and by his side a stripling lad—and then, as years roll on, a man with silvered hair, of faltering step, of trembling hand, leaning on the sturdy arm of growing youth? Ah yes, I know that some of you can—and yet tonight he is gone—and I am here, his successor.

Successor to what? Successor to a membership in this grand old Society of the Army of the Tennessee. Successor, I hope to the friendship of his comrades in arms, and, last but not least, successor to a well-spent life.

You, men of the Army of the Tennessee, fought for principle; fought that future generations might enjoy this broad land from ocean to ocean, from the great lakes to the gulf; fought that you might extend to all classes and conditions of men that liberty which your forefathers had bequeathed you; fought to make a united country—an E Pluribus Unum—united under one grand old flag, the glorious stars and stripes; the flag which now floats so freely, from New England's snow-clad hills to Texas' burning sands, while shouts of welcome, shouts of joy, from countless youthful throats, proclaim to all the world, that the cause of freedom, like John Brown's soul, is marching on. You say to those who follow you, "Come on," as did that gallant officer on Shiloh's bloody field, who, nothing daunted by the rain of shot and shell, grasped the colors, and with their bearer hastened to the advantageous point. But you say more. Your slogan is come on; follow me. March on to victory.

What American citizen can look upon your long list of heroes, sung and unsung, without a feeling of exultation; without a desire to profit by their noble example; without a something rising up within him that gives to his own patriotism a tonic which is lasting in its effect.

To such a heritage as this you call us, your successors. And let me say right here before you all, that no matter how unworthy we may be to wield the sword you give us, yet never shall it leave our grasp while strength remains, but ever ready shall it be to strike where justice, right and duty calls.

Many dangers yet threaten this majestic Republic of ours, dangers which may yet call forth all the courage we ourselves possess, and all that which is inspired by your many noble deeds.

We have, too, the recollection that all your victories were not those of sanguinary conflict. Were not all fought and won at Donelson, at Shiloh, at Vicksburg, at Atlanta, or even in that famous march to the sea, although these were great and never to be forgotten, but were fought and won at your own firesides, among the quiet surroundings of neighbors and friends, without the incentive of the pomp and panoply of war, but alone, unaided save by a loving glance or helpful word of those about you. Then did your true greatness shine forth,—then did you add the brightest spray to your wreath of laurels.

What in all the annals of history stands out with greater lustre than the heroic character of General Grant at Mt. McGregor? "Hovering between life and death, suffering almost constant agony and speechless from disease, he struggled through his daily toils and laid down his pen only a few short days before his death." Not for love of gain; not for love of praise did he pursue his self-imposed and arduous task, but he labored—that his family might live; he toiled that his integrity might be unimpeached, and he died a victor, loved and respected by a nation, admired by a world.

And Sherman, Logan, Howard, all, retired from an active public life and crowned with honors, lived the life of humble citizens, knowing full well that they possessed the cherished love of a nation as well at home as on the field of battle.

There were many others, too, of lesser rank who, when the war was over, took up the tangled thread of their former lives and labored manfully until the end, or else, their life's work done, awaited with a dignity beautiful to behold the summons to another clime.

My father, and I'm proud to bear his name, resumed the work he had left unfinished, and although each heartbeat was to him an agonizing pain, kept on until the silent one found him a willing worker to the end.

To such men as these we are successors, and doubt not that, while one drop of ancestral blood flows through our veins, we will ever cease to emulate their character or revere their names.

We're starting now with good intent. Those who journeyed far to Chattanooga's southern skies will thrill with pride when they recall that one of your own fair daughters stood up before that vast assemblage of mingled blue and gray, and sang the songs you used to sing, and filled that tent with joyous notes that put new life into tired frames, and made the chivalry of north and south pay homage to her patriotism and this without support save when, at her request, you joined her in the last refrain. Right well did she perform her part. Right well did she deserve your thanks, and right well does she deserve to be called your daughter—the daughter of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

A daughter, did I say? Ah! yes; and other daughters, too; and granddaughters as well will sing your songs, and sing them with an accent loud and long until they are heard in distant lands, fair warning to the world that liberty is still enthroned among the sisterhood of states.

Your sons and grandsons follow on, are marching side by side in life's great battles front; already are their voices heard in legislative halls amid the stirring strife of warring men; already are their voices lifted in your praise, and all, wives, daughters, sons, the lisping, prattling tongues of many children, and their great hosts of future generations will rise to call you blessed and join in the glad chorus of "God bless the men of the Army of the Tennessee."

After a song by Prof. Protheroe, "Friar of Orders Grey," the President: The next number on the programme is a recitation by General Stibbs.

General Stibbs said:

The Army of the Tennessee represents in its membership the highest type of true democracy. We believe in a government of the people and by the people, and we are much amused at times by the antics of certain young monarchs of foreign countries who claim to rule by divine right. Those who have kept close track

of the news from abroad for a year or two past must have noticed that it seems to indicate that the young emperor of Germany has formed a co-partnership with the ruler of the universe, for the purpose of managing the affairs of his own and adjacent countries, and as senior member of the firm his movements have made him somewhat conspicuous. A short time ago, after reviewing one of his armies, he was tendered a banquet by the officers, and addressed them in rhyme. It so happened that an enterprising Yankee reporter was present in the guise of a servant, and took down in shorthand the speech. By that means I am enabled to give it to you verbatim:

HOCH! DER KAISER.

Der Kaiser auf der Vaterland,
Und Gott on high all things gommand,
Ve two! Ach! don'd you understand?
Meinself—und Gott!

While some men sing der power divine,
Mein soldier's sing der Wacht am Rhein,
Und trink der healt in Rhenish wein,
Auf me—und Gott.

Dere's France dot svaggers all aroundt,
She's ausgespieldt—she's no aggoundt,
To much, ve dinks she don't amoundt—
Meinself—und Gott.

She vill not dare to fight again:
But, if she should, I'll show her blain,
Dot Alsace und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein, by Gott.

Dere's gran'ma dinks she's nicht shmall bier;
Mit Boers und dings she interfere—
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere,
But me—und Gott.

She dinks, goot frau, some ships she's got,
Und soldiers mit der scarlet coat—
Ach! Ve could knock dem—pouf—like dot!
Meinself—und Gott.

In dimes auf peace, brebared for wars;
I bear der helm und spear of Mars;
Und care nicht for ten dousand Czars—
Meinself—und Gott.

In short I humor every whim,
 Mit aspect dark und visage grim;
 Gott pulls mit me, und I mit him—
 Meinselb—und Gott.

I took a trip down south two years ago. We met a good many of the reconstructed individuals there who had served in the Confederate army, and as a rule we found that they were all very glad that the war had terminated as it did and the nation was restored. Occasionally we struck an old duffer who was a kicker, and we found a noble case of this kind down near Chattanooga—an old gentleman who said he had been in the Rebel army—and we said to him that we supposed he was glad the war terminated as it did, that the north had succeeded, the union restored. No; he said he wasn't, not by a durned sight; if he had his way about it the war would be going on yet, and he had composed a song expressive of his feelings, and we prevailed on him to sing it. He was evidently an unreconstructed rebel. I am not much of a singer, but I think I can sing this just about as well as he did. I will try.

O, I'm a good old Rebel,
 Now, that's just what I am;
 For this "Fair land of Freedom,"
 I do not care a damn:
 I'm glad I fit against it,
 I only wish we'd woh,
 An' I don't want any pardon
 For anything I've done.

I hates the Constitution;
 This great Republic, too;
 I hates the Freedman's Buro,
 In uniform of blue.
 I hates the nasty eagle,
 With all his brass and fuss,
 The lyin' thievin' Yankees
 I hates them wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee Nation,
 And everything they do.
 I hates the Declaration
 Of Independence, too;
 I hates the Glorious Union—
 'Tis dripping with our blood—
 I hates their striped banner;
 I fit it all I could.

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Is stiff in Southern dust;
We got three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us.
They died of Southern fever,
Of southern steel and shot;
I wish they was three million,
Instead of what we got.

I follered ole Mars Robert
Four years, or thereabout;
Got wounded in three places;
Got starved at Point Lookout.
I cotched the roomatism,
A campin' in th' snow,
But I killed a chance of Yankees—
I'd like to kill some mo'.

I can't take up my musket,
An' fight 'em now no mo';
But I aint a goin to love 'em,
Now that is sartin sho';
An' I dont want a pardon
For what I was and am;
I wont be reconstructed,
And I don't care ne'er a damn.

The President:—Comrades, our visit to Milwaukee has been a pleasant and a happy one, and we shall say good-bye with many regrets, and have a warm place in our hearts for it. We will say good-night with the song, "Auld Lang Syne," by Professor Bach's Quintette Club and the audience. You will please rise.

This ended our meeting.

The Recording Secretary places these two interesting letters here.

They should have been "turned over" to the Corresponding Secretary, to be "taken up" in his report. For this neglect the Recording Secretary is responsible, but "unwittingly."

MORRISTOWN, N. J., *October 19th, 1897.*

GENERAL HORATIO C. KING,

Secretary Society of the Army of the Potomac, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

DEAR GENERAL:—I beg you to present my cordial thanks to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee for its kind invitation—through its President, General G. M. Dodge and yourself—to its twenty-uinth reunion at Milwaukee on October 27th and 28th.

I warmly and highly appreciate the kindness, and assure the Society it would be a great pleasure to accept and enjoy the pleasures of the occasion, especially the meeting the surviving members—brave, gallant and persistent—of the Army of the Tennessee, whose noble struggles aided so effectually to save our Union, and whose names will be recorded with the everlasting history of our corps of untarnished and brilliant record. Greatly to my regret circumstances will deprive me of the pleasure of being with you and mingling the joys of the Society of the Army of the Potomac with those of its associate, the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

Wishing all every pleasure and many happy returns of the occasion, I am,

Yours truly,

FITZ JOHN PORTER.

BATH, N. Y., *October 18, 1897.*

COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE,

Recording Secretary, etc.:

MY DEAR COLONEL:—Again I am obliged to send a negative response to the call for our annual reunion, which I very much regret, but time and distance are the barriers.

I have lately received the report of last year's meeting, and was much interested in the papers of Colonel Heath and Major James (preceded by your note), telling of what our "stolen" troops of the Army of the Tennessee did, when "borrowed".

In the last paragraph of Colonel Heath's letter, he says: "We who survive the old right wing, sometimes familiarly known as 'Smith's Guerrillas,' would much regret to see a history written of the Army of the Tennessee, which did not allude, in some remote way, to that surplus wing that was so often loaned to short-handed and often short-sighted commanders, in the general round-up of 1864 and 5."

I think likely a close inspection of the files of the Army of the Tennessee would reveal some of the operations of "Smith's Guerrillas" during 1864.

I was at that time on the staff of General A. J. Smith, and in 1879 I wrote an account (which was published) of the Red river and Tupelo campaigns, which I sent to General Sherman,—and herewith I will copy two letters from him (which I value very highly), which may be of interest to any and all of the "Surviving Guerrillas," of whom I am proud to be called one.

Very truly yours,

WM. S. BURNS.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE U. S., }
WASHINGTON, D. C., *December 3, 1879.* }

CAPTAIN WM. S. BURNS,
Bath, N. Y.:

MY DEAR SIR:—I thank you for sending me the slips containing much valuable matter about the Red river expedition. Especially that part of it controlled by Generals A. J. Smith and Mower. Both these generals were "fighters," but would not write reports. Their reports were disjointed and incomplete, but I must confess that the rapid development of events in 1864-5 prevented my studying the official reports which did come to me, and that I contented myself with the short, emphatic telegraphic reports of results, rarely going back to study up the incidents.

Also I conversed freely with Generals Smith and Mower afterwards, and from them orally gathered a general knowledge of events, which left impressions on my mind even more enduring than those derived from reports. I will say therefore that you have, by grouping all the events of the Red river campaign, more nearly hit the truth than any other.

I believe General Dick Taylor, in his book, has stated literally what he knew and thought, but, as you know, things look differently from different standpoints.

I wish that General Smith, who is now Auditor of the city of St. Louis, and also General Franklin would record their exact recollections. I am glad you speak kindly and respectfully of General Stone, now of Egypt, whom fate seemed to persecute throughout the war.

Apart from the great interest these personal reminiscences have for the parties concerned, they will be really valuable when we have passed from the stage, and others are made to hunt for the truth.

I beg you to allow me to keep your article for my personal scrap-book.

Your sincere friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE U. S., }
WASHINGTON, D. C., *December 10, 1879.* }

CAPTAIN WM. S. BURNS,
Bath, N. Y.:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the extra copies of your two articles, the Red river campaign and battle of Tupelo, which I value much, because I don't

know of any other responsible continuous narrative. Mower is dead, and Smith won't write, although he has told me all you record and more. Had Smith been allowed to go ahead after the battle of Pleasant Hill, we could have written the history of that battle, but now who is to prove that Dick Taylor did not camp within a few hundred yards of the battle-field? They have the witnesses, and we can't contest them.

I am convinced our forces could have gone ahead to Shreveport the next day. But by turning back, abandoning dead and wounded, and leaving Porter's fleet exposed to run the gauntlet to fall back to Grand Ecore, gave our enemy the perfect right to claim a victory, and to claim to have slept on the ground itself. All we now can undertake, is to fix the responsibility on the rightful parties historically.

I will send to General Hickenlooper the handsomely arranged copies, to go among the historic files of the Army of the Tennessee, of which the two divisions of Mower and Kilby Smith, under command of General A. J. Smith, are always counted as of the 16th corps.

With great respect and thanks,

W. T. SHERMAN.

MEMBERS REGISTERED AT THE MEETING,

OCTOBER 27TH AND 28TH, 1897.

General Smith D. Atkins,
General R. V. Ankeny,
Captain H. C. Adams.

Captain F. J. Bartels,
General John C. Black,
Colonel Geo. E. Bryant,
Captain Levi J. Billings,
Colonel J. W. Barlow,
General W. H. Baldwin,
Captain Warren Beckwith,
Captain J. Leroy Bennett,
Mr. George Buckland,
Captain G. A. Busse,
Colonel W. L. Barnum,
Captain E. Blakeslee,
Lieutenant H. P. Bird,
Captain Chas S. Bentley.

Captain B. M. Callender,
General A. L. Chetlain,
Mr. Henry Cadle,
Captain W. L. Cadle,
Colonel Cornelius Cadle,
Major A. J. Cheney,
Captain M. J. Cantwell,
Captain John B. Colton,
Captain John Crane.

General G. M. Dodge,
Captain H. B. Dox.

Major A. W. Edwards,
Captain J. G. Everest,
Lieutenant Chas. H. Eggleston.

General M. F. Force,
Captain J. D. Fegan,
Captain C. W. Fracker,
Major Patrick Flynn,
Captain S. S. Frowe,
Mrs. M. J. Fitch.

Proceedings of the Society

Major W. C. B. Gillespie,
Colonel Fred. D. Grant,
Colonel N. L. Gilson,
Captain A. G. Gault,
Captain M. A. Higley,
Colonel L. F. Hubbard,
Captain A. J. Harding,
Captain F. Y. Hedley,
Captain Edward G. Harlow.

Colonel W. A. Jenkins,
Captain W. L. B. Jenney,
Colonel Oscar L. Jackson,
Major E. S. Johnson.

Colonel Wm. B. Keeler,
Captain Chas. R. E. Koch,
Colonel John Mason Loomis,
Captain W. B. Leach,
Captain O. C. Lademann,
Captain Theo. W. Letton,
Mrs. M. D. Leggett.

Captain F. H. Magdeburg,
Captain J. W. McElravy,
General John McArthur,
Captain P. McGrath,
Major George Mason,
Captain C. F. Matteson,
Captain M. F. Madigan,
Captain F. P. Muhlenberg,
General John McNulta,
Major R. W. McClaughry.

Captain Ezra Nuckolls,
Captain John C. Neely,
Major O. W. Nixon,
Mrs. H. T. Noble.

Major H. B. Osborne,
Captain A. L. Ogg.

General L. B. Parsons,
General R. N. Pearson,
Miss Mary Logan Pearson,
Captain Chas. O. Patier,
Major S. C. Plummer,
Colonel Gilbert A. Pierce,
Captain C. L. Pratt,

Colonel W. H. Plunkett,
Captain W. G. Pitman.

Captain W. T. Rigby,
Captain I. P. Rumsey,
Major David W. Reed,
Captain Alonzo N. Reece.

Colonel Wm. T. Shaw,
Captain N. T. Spoor,
Captain Randolph Sry,
Major Chas. H. Smith,
Captain Jas. A. Sexton,
General Wm. Sooy Smith,
Major Edward Spear,
Captain J. Alex. Smith,
General J. H. Stibbs,
Lieutenant C. H. Smith,
Captain E. B. Soper,
Father Thomas E. Sherman,
Major Hoyt Sherman,
Mr. P. T. Sherman,
Colonel Joseph Stockton,

Mrs. O. C. Towne.

Captain B. W. Underwood.

Colonel Wm. V. Vilas,
Captain D. F. Vail.

Major Wm. E. Ware,
General C. C. Walcutt,
General M. R. M. Wallace.

Captain Wm. Zickerick.

LADIES PRESENT,**AS REPORTED BY THE LADIES LOCAL COMMITTEE.**

**Mrs. F. A. Ammen,
Mrs. John C. Black,
Mrs. George Buckland,
Mrs. Andrew Hickenlooper,
Miss Hickenlooper,
Mrs. Kempster,
Mrs. R. W. McClaughry,
Mrs. Chas. Mackie,
Mrs. H. B. Osborne,
Miss Nina Smith,
Mrs. D. F. Vail.**

Biographical Sketches
of
Our Dead.
1896-7.

General Madison Miller died at St. Louis, Missouri, February 27th, 1896.

General Miller was born at Mercer, Pennsylvania, February 6th, 1811, from which place he subsequently removed to Jefferson county, Missouri, and thence to Monroe county, Illinois, where he engaged in merchandizing.

He served as Captain in Colonel Bissell's regiment during the Mexican war, and was badly wounded at the battle of Buena Vista, from which he returned to Missouri, and became a member of the State Legislature in 1860-1.

At the outbreak of the Civil war he entered the army as Captain in the 1st Missouri infantry, in which he distinguished himself at the battle of Wilson's creek. He subsequently became Colonel of the 18th Missouri infantry, and commanded a brigade at Shiloh, and was there captured with Prentiss' division. After his exchange he resigned on account of impaired health, but in 1864 he again entered the service, and for a time commanded a brigade organized to resist the Price raiders.

He subsequently served as Railroad Commissioner of the State of Missouri.

He was married in 1836 to Miss Margaret E. Fletcher, who died in 1867. He was again married late in life, leaving a widow and two children to mourn his loss.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Avery died at Woodstock, Illinois, November 16th, 1896.

Colonel Avery was born in Erie county, Pennsylvania, July 10th, 1825, and removed to Marengo, Illinois, in the fall of 1857, where he was employed by the C. & N. W. Railway as Station Agent.

He entered the service as Captain Co. A, 95th Illinois infantry, September 4th, 1862. On the 24th of January, 1863, he was promoted to Major and subsequently to Lieutenant-Colonel. He participated with the regiment in the battles of Champion's Hill, siege of Vicksburg, the Red river campaign, expedition against Price in Arkansas and Missouri, and subsequently at Nashville and Mobile. He was badly wounded in the charge at Vicksburg of May 22d, 1863, but returned to the front immediately upon being able to reassume his military duties. He was finally mustered out and returned to Marengo in August, 1865. He resumed his old position as station agent, and thus remained until elected County Clerk of McHenry county in 1892, in which position he served for twelve successive years.

In 1856 he married Miss Mary P. Camp. Two daughters, Mary

Ella and Katie, were the fruits of this marriage. Katie died in 1886, leaving the mother and one daughter to mourn the death of an affectionate father and devoted husband.

Dignified, soldierly, courageous and chivalrous he was also eminently social, genial and generous. So fatherly was he in caring for the comfort of his men that he was generally spoken of as "Pap" Avery.

He was a brave, true-hearted, big-brained soldier and comrade, whose genial smile and cordial greeting will be greatly missed at our annual gatherings.

Captain Nathaniel A. Merrell died at De Witt, Iowa, December 31st, 1896.

Captain Merrell was born at Copenhagen, New York, June 26th, 1829.

Through his own unaided efforts he acquired an excellent education and qualified himself for the practice of law, being admitted to the bar at Watertown, New York, in 1855.

Two years later he removed to, and settled permanently at De Witt, Iowa.

He entered the service as Captain Co. D of 26th Iowa infantry, September 30th, 1862, and with it participated in the Cold Water and Tallahatchie campaigns, and was severely wounded in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, December, 1862. Again on January 11th, 1863, he was severely wounded while gallantly leading his company at the battle of Arkansas Post, which necessitated his retirement from service.

He returned to his Iowa home, and returning to the practice of his profession he also became a member of the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 26th General Assemblies of Iowa.

As a soldier he was brave; as an officer he was honored and beloved; as a lawyer he was capable, industrious and painstaking; as a legislator he was wise and true to the interests of those he represented; he was a loving husband and father, and as a citizen, universally regarded as representing in all its phases the very best type of American manhood.

He was among the early pioneers of the State of Iowa, and did well his part in laying the foundations that have made the Iowa of today second to none of the sisterhood of states in intelligence, integrity and honor.

Major-General John D. Stevenson died at St. Louis, Missouri, January 22d, 1897.

General Stevenson was born in Virginia on June 8th, 1821, but subsequently removed to South Carolina and thence to Missouri, from which he enlisted as Captain of the 1st Missouri Mounted Volunteers, with which he served during the Mexican war.

At the outbreak of the Civil war General Stevenson was a member of the State Legislature of Missouri, which position he resigned to enter the service as Colonel of the 7th Missouri infantry, June 1st, 1861. He first served in his native state up to the battle of Shiloh, after which he was assigned to the command of the 3d Brigade, 3d Division, 17th A. C., with which he re-inforced Rosecrans at the battle of Corinth on 3d of October, 1862.

He was subsequently promoted to Brigadier-General and served with Grant in his memorable campaign, preceding the siege and subsequent capture of Vicksburg.

After the fall of this stronghold he commanded an expedition to Monroe, Louisiana, and after his return was assigned to command the district of Corinth. After which he was assigned to the command of the 4th Division, 16th A. C., with which he served until April, 1864, when he resigned.

He was, however, subsequently re-commissioned and assigned to command at Harper's Ferry, and there remained until General Lee surrendered, after which he was assigned to duty in Northern Georgia where he remained until mustered out of service, January 15th, 1866.

He was subsequently commissioned in the regular army and assigned to the command of the 25th Infantry, but soon resigned and returned to St. Louis, where he held numerous responsible positions, such as City Collector, Assessor, Comptroller, and at the time of his fatal illness was serving as Auditor of the Laclede Gas Company.

It is difficult to analyze the character of General Stevenson. His brusqueness of manner, bluntness of speech, and intolerance of opposition, were characteristics which were the natural results of habits formed during his long and varied military career; but his heart was tender and loving, and the tear drops that would course down his weather-beaten cheeks when recounting the pathetic incidents of the war, and in the untimely death of old comrades he often exhibited qualities rarely manifested in the ordinary relations of life.

Major-General John Eugene Smith died at Chicago, Illinois, January 29th, 1897.

General Smith was born at Berne, Switzerland, August 3d, 1816, and in that same year came with his parents to Philadelphia, from which place he removed first to St. Louis, and subsequently in 1836 to Galena, Illinois, where he had established himself as a successful merchant when the Civil war broke out.

On the 23d of July, 1861, he entered the service as Colonel of the 45th Illinois infantry, until appointed Brigadier-General December 15th, 1862. His history is the history of the Army of the Tennes-

see, covering the operations at Forts Henry and Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, the Mississippi campaign, the Yazoo expedition, the battles preceding, and the capture of Vicksburg, the Chattanooga, Atlanta and Georgia campaigns, the march to the sea, and the campaign through the Carolinas, during which he was deservedly promoted to the rank of Major-General.

After the close of hostilities he was tendered and accepted the Colonelcy of the 27th U. S. infantry, from which he was subsequently transferred to the 14th, and retired May 19th, 1881.

In 1836 he married Almee A. Massott, of St. Louis, who died in June, 1884, leaving four children, Colonel Alfred T. Smith of the 13th U. S. infantry; Mrs. A. Bascom, of Chicago; Benjamin M. Smith, Superintendent of the Public Library, and J. E. Smith, Secretary of the Northwestern Horse-nail Co.

The last occasion of public participation in the collateral events of the war was in April, when he summoned his reserved strength in order that he might join, though with faltering steps, in the ceremonies then held in honor of the memory of his old commander and personal friend, General Grant.

General Smith's companionable disposition and goodness of heart made him a friend of a large circle of people, and the advance of years only endeared these old comrades to one another.

He was never happier than when in his elegant home he was dispensing hospitality to his old comrades in arms, the intimate associates of his long and honored military career.

At last the long evening of his eventful life was closed by death at his home, surrounded by loving friends, and his remains were tenderly laid in Galena's beautiful Greenwood, where a modest monument marks the resting place of "One of Galena's most distinguished soldiers."

Lieutenant John B. Fidler died at Davenport, Iowa, March 16th, 1897.

Lieutenant Fidler enlisted as a private in Company D, 25th Iowa infantry, on the 14th of August, 1862, and was soon thereafter promoted to First Sergeant of the company.

He was with his regiment in the series of battles in which it participated from Iuka to Arkansas Post, Jackson and Vicksburg.

He was seriously wounded at Cherokee station, but never faltered in his devotion to his soldierly duties, and as a just reward for faithful and meritorious services was promoted to Second Lieutenant February 5th, 1863, and to First Lieutenant May 9th, 1863, and finally mustered out June 6th, 1865. He won especial distinction at the siege of Vicksburg.

At the close of the war he accepted the position of Express Agent at Burlington, Iowa, where he remained until 1870, when he

accepted a position in the First National Bank at Davenport, Iowa, and there gradually won his way up to Cashier, which responsible position he filled with fidelity for a period of seventeen years, when he resigned to go into business for himself.

Being quick to see and quick to execute, coupled with enterprise and energy, he soon became a leading spirit in all new enterprises that would benefit the city of his adoption.

He leaves a widow and one son to mourn his untimely death, and share the honors of his heroic services.

Brigadier-General M. M. Bane died in Washington City, March 29th, 1897.

General Bane was born November 30th, 1827, in Athens county, Ohio, where he received an ordinary school education, subsequently supplemented by a thorough medical course at the Starling Medical College at Columbus, after which he removed to, and began the practice of medicine in Adams county, Illinois.

At the breaking out of the Civil war he became Colonel of a regiment with which he participated in the capture of Fort Donelson, and also in the battle of Shiloh where he lost his right arm. After his recovery he again returned to the front, and honorably served to the close of the war.

He was married three times, his first wife being Miss Howard, of Columbus; his second Miss Parish, of Quincy, Illinois, and his last Miss Leftwich, of Richmond, Virginia, the daughter of an ex-Confederate officer. This union, though brief, was a happy one, and the veteran soldier realized his dream of happiness for a few months, and then calmly fell asleep in the arms of his "Rebel wife," while the white dove of peace hovered o'er the closing scenes in the eventful life of a nation's hero.

Major George R. Steele died at Decatur, Illinois, May 19th, 1897.

Major Steele was born in Springfield, Ohio, September 12th, 1836, removed thence to Illinois, and in the winter of 1857 located in Decatur, where he was engaged in the carpenter and building business until the breaking out of the Civil war, when he entered the service as Second Lieutenant of Company A, 41st Illinois infantry, with which he served during the campaign resulting in the capture of Fort Donelson.

After which he served as Regimental Adjutant until after the battle of Shiloh, when he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and subsequently assigned to duty as Captain and Aide-de-Camp to General Jas. B. McPherson, with whom he served in the battles of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion hills, Black river and through the siege of Vicksburg, for meritorious services during which he was awarded the Gold Medal of Honor of the 17th Army corps.

He subsequently accompanied his chief to Chattanooga, and through the Atlanta campaign until McPherson's untimely death in front of Atlanta, July 22d, 1864. He, under special orders from General Sherman, escorted his General's remains to their last resting place at Clyde, Ohio.

After which he was assigned to duty as Aide-de-Camp to General Frank P. Blair, commanding the 17th Army corps, in which capacity he rendered valuable services, during the subsequent March to the Sea and the Carolina campaign, resulting in the surrender of General Johnston's army and the close of the war, when his services received meritorious recognition through promotion to the brevet commission of Major.

His services, throughout the whole period of the war, were marked by gallantry and ability of the highest order, and his record will stand as a shining example of what may be accomplished by an intelligent execution of assigned duties.

He was active, energetic, courageous, and self-sacrificing; possessed of a cheerful disposition and cordial personality he became a universal favorite of his entire command.

During a brief leave of absence in April, 1864, he was married to Miss Sarah J. H. Moore—daughter of General Jesse H. Moore—who, together with their three children—Chas. M. Steele, Mrs. Belle M. Donahue, and Mrs. Jessie R. Wangelin survive him, consoled only by the memory of his heroic deeds and enviable record as a gallant soldier and highly esteemed citizen.

Immediately after the close of hostilities he returned to Decatur, and accepted the position of Deputy Postmaster, and subsequently for a period of fifteen years occupied a responsible position in the Railway Postal service, and until 1886 when he resigned for the purpose of accepting the still more responsible position of Treasurer of Macon county. After the expiration of his term of service he again became Deputy Postmaster, and subsequently occupied a responsible position in the Treasurer's office.

He enjoyed the distinction of being a Charter member and Adjutant of the first Grand Army Post organized in the United States at Decatur, Illinois, April 6th, 1866.

He was also among those who met at Raleigh, North Carolina, April 14th, 1865, and there organized the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. He was also active in Methodist church circles and prominent in Masonic and Knights of Pythias work.

His health had been rapidly failing for several months, and six weeks previous to his death he was stricken down while in the performance of duty, lingered for a period and then passed away as peacefully as though in sleep.

The funeral services were held at the Grace Methodist church, where the Rev. D. F. Howe delivered an eloquent discourse, and a

deserved tribute to a blameless life. His remains were laid away with military and Masonic honors in beautiful Greenwood cemetery.

As in war, so was he in peace, a brave, gallant, whole-souled and companionable gentleman and steadfast friend.

Surgeon George Franklin French died at Minneapolis, Minnesota, July 13th, 1897.

Colonel French was born at Dover, New Hampshire, October 30th, 1837, where he received his preliminary education previous to his graduation from Harvard in the class of 1859, after which he for a time occupied a professor's place while preparing for his profession in which he received his degree, and at once entered the army as Surgeon of U. S. Volunteers, and ordered on duty as Staff Surgeon of General Grant, with whom he remained until the General assumed command of the armies, after which he was assigned to the duty of organizing the hospitals in the wake of Sherman's army then advancing upon Atlanta.

After the capture of Atlanta he accompanied the First Division of 15th Army corps as Chief Surgeon on its march to the sea, and its subsequent campaign through the Carolinas, and the close of the war, when he was, breveted Lieutenant-Colonel, and tendered a position in the regular army, which he declined in order that he might again assume the duties of his chosen profession.

He first selected Portland, Maine, as his field of practice, but in 1879 he removed to Minneapolis, and at once sprang into prominence as one of the foremost local physicians, and subsequently became President of the Minneapolis Academy of Medicine.

He attained distinction also as a contributor to current medical literature.

He had been ill but a few days, and his sudden demise came most unexpectedly to his family and a wide circle of friends. The funeral services were held from the Unitarian church of which he was a member, and the remains taken thence to Dover, New Hampshire, for interment in Pine Hill cemetery.

Colonel French was a courtly gentleman, an earnest student, and an enthusiastic member of our Society.

Lieutenant Warren C. Clark died at Columbus, Ohio, July 23d, 1897.

Lieutenant Clark was born at Middletown, Vermont, October 17th, 1843, from which place he subsequently removed to Ohio, and thence to Illinois.

He entered the service when but sixteen years of age as a bugler of 2d Illinois cavalry, in which regiment, by successive promotions, he soon became a Lieutenant, and thus served to the close of the war. His history is but the history of this noted regiment, for

with it he continuously served from the beginning to the close of the war, after which he again returned to his old home at Lithopolis, Ohio, where he carried into the affairs of civil life the same energy, perseverance and dash that made him so conspicuous during his military career.

He left a widow and daughter to mourn a loss that is also keenly felt by those who knew him best.

"Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er,
Dream of battle-fields no more."

Colonel D. W. C. Loudon died at Georgetown, Ohio, September 19th, 1897.

Colonel Loudon was born at Georgetown, Ohio, May 29th, 1827. When but five years of age he accompanied his parents to a farm in Pleasant township, and there spent his boyhood days in obtaining an elementary education, subsequently reinforced by graduation from the Ohio University at Athens.

In 1846 he enlisted in the 1st Ohio regiment of volunteers, and with it served during the Mexican war; after which he studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1851.

In 1861 he assisted in organizing the 70th regiment Ohio volunteers infantry of which he became Lieutenant-Colonel, and subsequently Colonel, and with it served in the 15th Army corps. He was relieved on account of disability in August, 1864, and returned to the practice of his profession.

In 1881 he was elected Judge of the Common Pleas Court of Brown county, in which he served for a period of ten years.

In 1852 he was married to Hannah W. Bales, who died in May, 1889. Five children were the fruits of this marriage. He was subsequently married to Evaline Darling, a native of Vermont, who survives him.

Colonel Loudon was as plain as a Quaker in his habits and speech, and was scholarly, dignified and a true warm-hearted friend.

His funeral services were held at his late residence, and his remains laid to rest in Confidence cemetery.

He was a brave and gallant soldier, a most estimable citizen, an upright judge, and a sincere and honest friend.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY.

Meeting for Organization, Raleigh, N. C., April 14th, 1865.

Meeting for Organization, Raleigh, N. C., April 25th, 1865.

- 1st Meeting, Cincinnati, Ohio, November 14th and 15th, 1866.
- 2nd " St. Louis, Mo., November 13th and 14th, 1867.
- 2rd " Chicago, Ill., December 15th and 16th, 1868.
- 4th " Louisville, Ky., November 17th and 18th, 1869.
- 5th " Cincinnati, Ohio, April 6th and 7th, 1871.
- 6th " Madison, Wis., July 3rd and 4th, 1872.
- 7th " Toledo, Ohio, October 15th and 16th, 1873.
- 8th " Springfield, Ill., October 14th and 15th, 1874.
- 9th " Des Moines, Iowa, September 29th and 30th, 1875.
- 10th " Washington, D. C., October 18th and 19th, 1876.
- 11th " St. Paul, Minn., September 5th and 6th, 1877.
- 12th " Indianapolis, Ind., October 30th and 31st, 1878.
- 13th " Chicago, Ill., November 12th and 13th, 1879.
- 14th " Cincinnati, Ohio, April 6th and 7th, 1881.
- 15th " St. Louis, Mo., May 10th and 11th, 1882.
- 16th " Cleveland, Ohio, October 17th and 18th, 1883.
- 17th " Lake Minnetonka, Minn., August 13th and 14th, 1884.
- 18th " Chicago, Ill., September 9th and 10th, 1885.
- 19th " Rock Island, Ill., September 15th and 16th, 1886.
- 20th " Detroit, Mich., September 14th and 15th, 1887.
- 21st " Toledo, Ohio, September 5th and 6th, 1888.
- 22nd " Cincinnati, Ohio, September 25th and 26th, 1889.
- 23rd " Chicago, Ill., October 7th and 8th, 1891.
- 24th " St. Louis, Mo., November 16th and 17th, 1892.
- 25th " Chicago, Ill., September 12th and 13th, 1893.
- 26th " Council Bluffs, Iowa, October 3d and 4th, 1894.
- 27th " Cincinnati, Ohio, September 16th and 17th, 1895.
- 28th " St. Louis, Mo., November 18th and 19th, 1896.
- 29th " Milwaukee, Wis., October 27th and 28th, 1897.

LIST OF THOSE WHO HAVE DELIVERED THE ANNUAL
ORATIONS.

1st Meeting,	1866,	General John A. Rawlins.
2nd	"	1867, General W. T. Sherman.
3rd	"	1868, General W. W. Belknap.
4th	"	1869, General E. F. Noyes.
5th	"	1871, General John W. Noble.
6th	"	1872, General M. D. Leggett.
7th	"	1873, General John A. Logan.
8th	"	1874, General S. A. Hurlbut.
9th	"	1875, General Thomas C. Fletcher.
10th	"	1876, General J. M. Thayer.
11th	"	1877, General M. M. Bane.
12th	"	1878, Colonel William F. Vilas.
13th	"	1879, General W. Q. Gresham.
14th	"	1881, Colonel Ozro J. Dodds.
15th	"	1882, General J. A. Williamson.
16th	"	1883, General Samuel Fallows.
17th	"	1884, Governor C. K. Davis.
18th	"	1885, General John B. Sanborn.
19th	"	1886, General A. L. Chetlain.
20th	"	1887, Colonel Augustus Jacobson.
21st	"	1888, Colonel G. A. Pierce.
22nd	"	1889, Colonel J. F. How.
23rd	"	1891, General A. Hickenlooper.
24th	"	1892, General John M. Schofield.
25th	"	1893, Colonel D. B. Henderson.
26th	"	1894, Colonel D. W. C. Loudon.
27th	"	1895, Colonel Fred. D. Grant.
28th	"	1896, General O. O. Howard.
29th	"	1897, Father Thomas E. Sherman.

IN MEMORIAM.

*"Life and they were long together
In battle's storms, and peaceful weather.
'Tis hard to part from friends so dear,
'Twill cost us many a sigh and tear.
They've 'slippedt awa,' took their own time;
Gave little warning.
Let's not 'good night,' but in some happier clime
Bid them*

Good Morning."

- Alexander, Colonel J. I., Terre Haute, Ind., May 30, 1871.
Allen, Lieutenant F. S., Los Angeles, Cal., January 25, 1894.
Audenried, Colonel Jos. C., Washington, D. C., June 3, 1880.
Avery, Colonel William, Woodstock, Ill., November 16, 1896.
Bailey, Captain J. E., Athens, O., October 10, 1873.
Bain, Lieutenant William, St. Louis, October 2, 1894.
Baker, Captain E. L., Racine, Wis., December 23, 1891.
Barber, Captain Josiah, Cleveland, O., December 10, 1884.
Barlow, Captain W. H., Effingham, Ill., September 1, 1883.
Beach, Surgeon Wm. Morrow, London, O., May 5, 1887.
Beem, Captain Martin, Stanton, Neb., May 1, 1888.
Belknap, General W. W., Washington, D. C., October 12, 1890.
Bennett, General T. W., Richmond, Ind., February 2, 1893.
Bigelow, Captain Henry E.
Blair, General Frank P., St. Louis, July 8, 1875.
Bonner, Surgeon S. P., Cincinnati, O., December 22, 1874.
Borland, Lieutenant J. J., Chicago, Ill., September 23, 1888.
Bowen, Surgeon John B., E. Bridgeton, N. J., December 11, 1888.
Bragg, Major F. A., April 5, 1887.
Brayman, General Mason, Kansas City, Mo., February 27, 1895.
Brucker, Surgeon M., Tell City, Ind., October 23, 1874.
Brush, General D. H., Carbondale, Ill., February 10, 1890.
Buckland, General R. P., Fremont, O., May 27, 1892.
Cady, Surgeon W. F., LaFayette, Ind., December 24, 1873.
Calkins, Major W. H., Tacoma, Wash., January 29, 1894.
Callender, Brigadier-General F. D., Daysville, Ill., Dec. 13, 1882.
Callsen, Captain F. D., Gridley, Ill., December 27, 1893.
Carper, Captain L., Burlington, Iowa, November 5, 1872.

Cavender, General John S., St. Louis, Mo., February 23, 1886.
 Chambers, General Alex., San Antonio, Tex., January 2, 1888.
 Clark, Lieutenant W. C., Columbus, O., July 23, 1897.
 Clough, Lieutenant Davie, Superior City, Wis., December 18, 1891.
 Colby, Captain George W., Chicago, Ill., October 5, 1891.
 Collins, Lieutenant A. S., Cincinnati, O., May 18, 1881.
 Connell, Colonel John, Toledo, Iowa, June 10, 1891.
 Cooke, Surgeon J. M., Adams, Ind., April 20, 1884.
 Cooley, Captain C. H.
 Coon, General D. E., San Diego, Cal., December 17, 1893.
 Corse, General John M., Winchester, Mass., April 27, 1893.
 Cowles, Colonel Henry R., Washington, Iowa, April 13, 1892.
 Dawes, Colonel Ephraim Cutler, Cincinnati, O., April 23, 1895.
 Dayton, Colonel L. M., Cincinnati, O., May 18, 1891.
 Dean, Captain Thomas.
 DeGress, Major Francis, Rio Conada, Mexico, January 4, 1883.
 Diemling, Colonel Francis C., Virginia City, Mon., Jan. 2, 1887.
 Dodds, Colonel Ozro J., Columbus, O., April 18, 1882.
 Dresser, Colonel J. M., St. Augustine, Fla., February 25, 1894.
 Ducat, General A. C., Downers Grove, Ill., January 29, 1896.
 Dunn, Major Wm. McK., Cushing Island, Me., Sept. 30, 1891.
 Dyer, Major Clarence Hopkins, Woodstock, Vt., August 10, 1894.
 Eaton, General C. G., Clyde, O., October 13, 1875.
 Eddy, Colonel Norman, Indianapolis, Ind., January 28, 1872.
 Eggleston, Lieutenant E. L., Litchfield, Mich., July 6, 1869.
 Eldridge, General H. N., Chicago, Ill., November 27, 1882.
 Everts, Lieutenant J., Yorkville, Ill., February 4, 1893.
 Ewing, General Charles, Washington, D. C., June 20, 1883.
 Fairchild, General Cassius, Milwaukee, Wis., October 24, 1868.
 Fearing, General B. D., Harmar, O., December 9, 1881.
 Fidler, Lieutenant John B., Davenport, Iowa, March 16, 1897.
 Fisk, General Clinton B., New York City, July 9, 1890.
 Fitch, Major J. A., Chicago, July 11, 1890.
 Fitch, Major Henry S., Chicago, May 23, 1871.
 Foote, Major H. E., Cincinnati, O., July 12, 1871.
 Fort, General G. L., Lacon, Ill., January 13, 1883.
 Fouts, Lieutenant R. H.
 Franklin, Surgeon E. C., St. Louis, December 10, 1885.
 French, Surgeon George F., Minneapolis, Minn., July 13, 1897.
 Fry, Colonel John C., Sidney, O., December 21, 1873.
 Fry, Surgeon T. W., LaFayette, Ind., February 24, 1873.
 Fuller, General John W., Toledo, O., March 12, 1891.
 Fyffe, Lieutenant J. R., Springfield, Mo., March 3, 1872.
 Gibbon, Major W. H., Chariton, Iowa, October 2, 1895.
 Gladding, Lieutenant C., Rome, Italy, January 17, 1894.
 Goodbrake, Surgeon C., Clinton, Ill., March 16, 1891.
 Grant, General U. S., Mt. McGregor, N. Y., July 23, 1885.

Graves, Colonel W. H., Adrian, Mich., September 23, 1874.
 Gresham, General Walter Q., Washington, May 28, 1895.
 Grier, General D. P., St. Louis, April 21, 1891.
 Griffin, Captain T. H., St. Louis, Mo., December 8, 1894.
 Guelich, Dr. E., Alton, Ill., October 16, 1893.
 Hall, Colonel John P., Paducah, Ky., May 8, 1874.
 Hamilton, Major John C., St. Paul, Minn., February 19, 1892.
 Hammond, General J. H., St. Paul, Minn., April 30, 1890.
 Hancock, Colonel B., Chicago, Ill., May 15, 1887.
 Harding, General Chester, St. Louis, January, 1874.
 Harper, Surgeon T. L., Cincinnati, O., December 20, 1879.
 Hart, Lieutenant L. W., Ashtabula, O., December 29, 1876.
 Hatch, General Ed., Fort Robinson, Neb., April 11, 1889.
 Hawhe, Colonel A. J., Chicago, Ill., December 31, 1872.
 Hazen, General Wm. B., Washington, D. C., January 16, 1887.
 Hedger, Lieutenant S. W.
 Hedrick, General John Morrow, Ottumwa, Iowa, October 3, 1886.
 Heighway, Surgeon A. E., Cincinnati, O., January 25, 1888.
 Herbert, Colonel J. T., St. Louis, March 30, 1875.
 Hicks, Colonel S. J., Salem, Ill., December 14, 1869.
 Hill, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H., Sharonville, O., Jan. 29, 1885.
 Hitt, Captain J. E., Mt. Morris, Ill., July 28, 1878.
 Hogg, Major George B., Chicago, Ill., February 6, 1895.
 How, Colonel James F., St. Louis, Mo., July 9, 1896.
 Howe, General J. H., Laredo, Tex., April 3, 1873.
 Hoyt, Captain H. W. B., Chicago, February 12, 1891.
 Hughes, Colonel Samuel T., October 3, 1873.
 Hurlbut, General S. A., Lima, Peru, March 27, 1882.
 Janes, Colonel Henry W., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., February 16, 1883.
 Joel, Colonel E. M., St. Louis, June 18, 1894.
 Jones, Colonel John J., Chicago, Ill., February 13, 1868.
 Jones, Colonel Henry E., Portsmouth, O., September 13, 1876.
 Jones, Captain John E., Carroll, Iowa, October 27, 1884.
 Kittoe, Surgeon E. D., Galena, Ill., September 29, 1887.
 Keller, Surgeon Jacob, Steetsville, Ill., May 21, 1887.
 Kellogg, Colonel C. C., Leadville, Colo., September 14, 1894.
 Klinck, Colonel John G., Rochester, N. Y., December 5, 1873.
 Knee, Colonel Samuel G., Colesburg, Iowa, August 14, 1896.
 Knox, General Kilburn, Milwaukee, Wis., April 17, 1891.
 Kueffner, General William C., Belleville, Ill., March 18, 1893.
 L'Hommedieu, Surgeon Samuel, Hamilton, O., August 13, 1885.
 Landram, Colonel W. J., Lancaster, Ky., October 11, 1895.
 Leet, Colonel George K., March 26, 1880.
 Leggett, General M. D., Cleveland, O., January 6, 1896.
 Leggett, Captain Wells W., Detroit, Mich., May 14, 1891.
 Lippencott, General C. E., Quincy, Ill., September 11, 1887.
 Logan, General John A., Washington, D. C., December 26, 1886.

Loudon, Colonel D. W. C., Georgetown, O., September 19, 1897.
 Lovejoy, Lieutenant F. E., Litchfield, Mich., December 23, 1870.
 Lutz, Captain Nelson Luckey, Chicago, Ill., July 13, 1886.
 Lyman, Major J., Council Bluffs, Iowa, July 9, 1890.
 Lynch, Colonel Frank, Cleveland, O., February 27, 1889.
 McCauley, Major P. H., Des Moines, Iowa, July 2, 1892.
 McCook, General Ed. S., September 11, 1873.
 McCoy, Colonel J. C., New York City, May 29, 1875.
 McCrory, Colonel William, Mansfield, O., February 17, 1893.
 Mann, Lieutenant Robert H., Chester, Ill., September 6, 1896.
 Martin, Colonel Roger, Salem, Ind., January 17, 1873.
 Markland, Colonel A. H., Washington, D. C., May 25, 1888.
 Marshall, General William R., St. Paul, Minn., January 8, 1896.
 Matthies, General Charles S., Burlington, Iowa, October 16, 1868.
 May, General Dwight, Kalamazoo, Mich., January 28, 1880.
 Mayers, Major C. G., Madison, Wis., October 20, 1894.
 Mead, Lieutenant William G., Chicago, Ill., January 13, 1893.
 Merrell, Captain N. A., DeWitt, Iowa, December 31, 1896.
 Meumann, Colonel Theodore, E. St. Louis, Ill., November 23, 1887.
 Miller, General Madison, St. Louis, Mo., February 27, 1896.
 Mills, Captain Lewis E., Florence, Italy, April 10, 1878.
 Moore, Colonel R. M., Cincinnati, O., February 23, 1880.
 Moulton, Colonel C. W., New York City, January 24, 1888.
 Mower, General J. A., New London, Conn., January 6, 1870.
 Murphy, Colonel P. H., St. Louis.
 Mussey, Surgeon W. H., Cincinnati, O., August 1, 1882.
 Newsham, Major Thomas J., Edwardsville, Ill., February 16, 1891.
 Nichols, Colonel George Ward, Cincinnati, O., September 15, 1885.
 Noble, Colonel H. T., Dixon, Ill., April 17, 1891.
 Noyes, General Ed. F., Cincinnati, O., September 4, 1890.
 Oliver, General J. M., Washington, D. C., March 30, 1872.
 Oliver, Colonel William S., Ensenada, Lower Cal., Aug. 14, 1896.
 Ord, General E. O. C., Havana, Cuba, July 22, 1883.
 Paddock, Major Joseph W., Omaha, Neb., January 20, 1895.
 Palmer, Colonel John J., Indianapolis, Ind., July 21, 1896.
 Partridge, Captain C. A., Providence, R. I., March 11, 1896.
 Patterson, Lieutenant W. A., Des Moines, Ia., October 27, 1886.
 Pearce, Lieutenant Edgar P., Marietta, O.
 Peats, Major Frank F., Rockford, Ill., March 20, 1895.
 Peck, Major W. E., Ironton, Mo., September 12, 1878.
 Peckham, Colonel James, Hot Springs, Ark., June 1, 1869.
 Pennington, Captain Thos. S., Hastings, Minn., December 21, 1878.
 Poe, General O. M., Detroit, Mich., October 2, 1895.
 Pope, General John, Ohio Soldiers' Home, September 23, 1892.
 Porter, Admiral D. D., Washington, D. C., February 13, 1891.
 Porter, Captain G. W., Hamilton, Kas., December 28, 1888.
 Potter, Surgeon J. B., Canal Winchester, O., March 27, 1887.

Potter, General J. A., Painesville, O., April 21, 1888.
 Potts, General Benjamin F., Helena, Mon., June 17, 1887.
 Prunty, Captain W. T., St. Louis, Mo., July 12, 1889.
 Randall, Lieutenant J. R., January 22, 1872.
 Rawlins, General John A., Washington, D. C., September 6, 1869.
 Raymond, Captain John B., Fargo, Dak., January 3, 1886.
 Reeves, Major James B., East Tawas, Mich., May 16, 1888.
 Reid, General Hugh T., Keokuk, Ia., August 21, 1874.
 Reid, Colonel J. M., Keokuk, Ia., April 22, 1892.
 Reynolds, General Thomas, LaGrange, Ill., August 5, 1893.
 Rice, General E. W., Sioux City, Ia., June 21, 1887.
 Richardson, Lieutenant G. W., Madison, Ind., December 6, 1867.
 Robertson, Major W. S., Muscatine, Ia., January 20, 1887.
 Robinson, Captain J. G., St. Louis, Mo., December 18, 1890.
 Roots, Colonel Logan H., Little Rock, Ark.,
 Rowett, General R., Chicago, Ill., July 13, 1887.
 Rowley, General William, Galena, Ill., February 9, 1886.
 Rusk, General J. M., Viroqua, Wis., November 21, 1893.
 Rutger, Lieutenant Francis, Belvidere, Ill., April 15, 1878.
 Safely, Major J. J.
 Sample, Colonel J. B., upon Alabama river, March 24, 1868.
 Sanford, Colonel W. W., St. Louis, Mo., February, 1882.
 Schofield, Colonel G. W., Ft. Apache, Ariz., December 17, 1882.
 Schuster, Captain George, St. Louis, Mo., December 17, 1893.
 Scribner, Lieutenant W. S., Chicago, Ill., September, 1889.
 Sherman, Lieutenant Henry, at sea, February 24, 1893.
 Sherman, General W. T., New York City, February 14, 1891.
 Simpson, Major John E., St. Louis, Mo., August 2, 1880.
 Skilton, Captain A. S., Monroeville, O., July 27, 1887.
 Slack, General J. R., Chicago, Ill., June 28, 1881.
 Smith, General Robert W., Chicago, Ill., July 31, 1890.
 Smith, General Giles A., Bloomington, Ill., November 8, 1876.
 Smith, Colonel J. Condit, Buffalo, N. Y., November 8, 1882.
 Smith, General John E., Chicago, Ill., January 29, 1897.
 Smith, General Morgan L., Jersey City, N. J., December 29, 1874.
 Spooner, General Benjamin F., Lawrenceburg, Ind., April 3, 1881.
 Sprague, General J. W., Tacoma, Wash., December 24, 1893.
 Steele, Major George R., Decatur, Ill., May 19, 1897.
 Stephenson, Lieutenant W. B., Cincinnati, O., August 1, 1879.
 Stevenson, General John D., St. Louis, Mo., January 22, 1897..
 Stewart, Captain A. S., Indianapolis, April 20, 1890.
 Stockdale, Captain S. A., San Diego, Cal., December 25, 1875.
 Strong, Major R. C., Xenia, O., December 11, 1886.
 Strong, General Wm. E., Florence, Italy, April 10, 1891.
 Sutherland, General Charles, Washington, D. C., May 10, 1895.
 Swain, Colonel J. A.
 Terrell, General W. H. H., Indianapolis, Ind., May 16, 1884.

Thornton, Colonel Joseph H., Cincinnati, O., April 27, 1892.
 Thurston, Colonel W. H., May 16, 1877.
 Tobey, Lieutenant E. P., Chicago, Ill., June 28, 1894.
 Tourtelotte, General J. E., La Crosse, Wis., July 22, 1891.
 Towne, Major O. C., Chicago, Ill., April 13, 1896.
 Towner, Major H. N., Chicago, November 26, 1873.
 Trumbull, Colonel J. L., Chicago, July 31, 1894.
 Tullis, Colonel James, LaFayette, Ind., September 13, 1887.
 Tuttle, General J. M., Casa Grande, Ariz., October 24, 1892.
 Turner, General Charles, Pekin, Ill., July 13, 1880.
 Vogleson, Colonel William M., Pittsburg, Pa., May 17, 1892.
 Von Blessing, Brevet Brig.-General L., Toledo, O., July 15, 1887.
 Walker, Major J. Bryant, Cincinnati, December 30, 1874.
 Wangelin, General Hugo, Belleville, Ill., February 26, 1883.
 Ware, Colonel Addison, New York City, July 16, 1894.
 Wever, Colonel C. R., Joliet, Ill., February 20, 1874.
 Weber, Colonel Daniel, Cincinnati, O., October 7, 1892.
 Webster, Captain Edward H., Denver, Col., December 3, 1894.
 Welch, Colonel D. N.
 White, Captain David, Keokuk, Iowa, August 2, 1874.
 White, Major M. Hazen, Cincinnati, May 1, 1878.
 Wise, Major J. S., Delhi, O., October 28, 1890.
 Wood, Colonel E. J., Jackson, Miss., April 9, 1873.
 Wood, Colonel John, Quincy, Ill., June 4, 1880.
 Wood, General Oliver, Port Townsend, Wash., June 25, 1893.
 Woodworth, Surgeon John M.
 Woodward, Captain F. J., Denison, Tex., January 16, 1893.
 Worley, Lieutenant Isaiah C., Lewistown, Ill., September 29, 1895.
 Wright, General Crafts J., Chicago, Ill., July 22, 1883.
 Wright, Mrs. Crafts J., Chicago, Ill., February 23, 1889.
 Wright, General W. W., Philadelphia, March 9, 1882.
 Yorke, General L. E., Cincinnati, July 1, 1873.
 Bane, General M. M., Washington, D. C., March 29, 1897.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

- ARMOR, MRS. MARY,
Widow of General L. E. Yorke.
- BARBER, MRS.,
Widow of Captain Josiah Barber.
- CARROLL, MRS. J. C.,
Daughter of Colonel J. A. Mulligan.
- CLARK, MRS. ELIZABETH,
Widow of Lieutenant Warren C. Clark.
- DELAPALUA, MADAM F., Geneva, Switzerland,
Daughter of General Giles A. Smith.
- ELDRIDGE, MRS.,
Widow of General H. N. Eldridge.
- FITCH, MRS. MARY J.,
Widow of Major J. A. Fitch.
- GIBBON, MRS. W. H.,
Widow of Major W. H. Gibbon.
- GRANT, MRS.,
Widow of General Grant.
- HALL, MRS. ADA,
Widow of Colonel John P. Hall.
- KUEFFNER, MRS. ELISE,
Widow of General W. C. Kueffner.
- LEGGETT, MRS. M. D.,
Widow of Colonel M. D. Leggett.
- NOBLE, MRS. MARY A.,
Widow of Colonel Henry T. Noble.
- ROWETT, MRS. ELLA,
Widow of General Richard Rowett.
- SCRIBNER, MRS. MARY L.,
Widow of Lieutenant Wiley S. Scribner.
- TOWNE, MRS. AURELIA,
Widow of Major O. C. Towne.

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DESIGNATED BY MEMBERS UNDER THIRD AMENDMENT OF
CONSTITUTION.

- ADY, MISS MABEL GRAY,
Daughter of Captain George Ady.
- AMMEN, MRS. FLORENCE ALICE,
Daughter of Major W. C. B. Gillespie.
- BENNETT, MISS JOSEPHINE B.,
Daughter of Captain J. L. Bennett.
- BOND, MISS AMANDA S.,
Daughter of Surgeon J. W. Bond.
- BORLAND, DR. LEONARD C.,
Son of Lieutenant M. W. Borland.
- BULKLEY, MRS. CAROLINE KEMPER,
Daughter of Captain A. C. Kemper.
- BUSSE, FRED. A.,
Son of Captain George A. Busse.
- CADLE, CHARLES EDWARD,
Second Son of Captain W. L. Cadle.
- CADLE, HENRY,
Brother of Colonel Cornelius Cadle.
- CAMPBELL, MISS NELLIE PALLAS,
Daughter of Captain R. M. Campbell.
- CHAMBERLIN, DEWIT WARREN,
Son of Captain L. H. Chamberlin.
- EMERSON, MISS NELLIE MAY,
Daughter of Captain George W. Emerson.
- FEGAN, CHARLES P.,
Son of Captain J. D. Fegan.
- FLYNN, MISS MARY ISABELLA,
Daughter of Major Patrick Flynn.
- GODFREY, CHARLES A.,
Second Son of Colonel G. L. Godfrey.
- GOWDY, MASON BRAYMAN,
Grandson of General M. Brayman.

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- HALLOCK, MRS. ELIZABETH TUCKER,
Daughter of Colonel A. M. Tucker.
- HEDLEY, MISS MARY HARLAN,
Daughter of Captain F. Y. Hedley.
- HOWARD, HARRY STINSON,
Son of General O. O. Howard, U. S. A.
- JONES, L. EWING,
Son of Colonel Theo. Jones.
- LAKIN, LEE H.,
Son of Captain J. H. Lakin.
- LATEY, HARRIS N.,
Grandson of Captain N. T. Spoor.
- LAW, HARRY V.,
Son of Captain S. A. L. Law.
- LITTLE, WILLIAM VOGLESON,
Grandson of Colonel William M. Vogleson.
- MCARTHUR, JOHN, JR.,
Son of General John McArthur.
- MCCLAUGHRY, ARTHUR C.
Second Son of Major R. W. McClaughry.
- MCCLURE, NATHANIEL,
Second Son of Colonel John T. McClure.
- MCCOLLOUGH, HENRY GIBBON,
Grandson of Major W. H. Gibbon.
- MCELRAVY, ROBT. C.,
Son of Captain J. W. McElravy.
- MATSCHKE, MORTIMER HIGLEY,
Grandson of Captain M. A. Higley.
- MONTGOMERY, GRENVILLE DODGE,
Grandson of General Grenville M. Dodge.
- MORRILL, CHARLES H.,
Son of Major H. L. Morrill.
- MUHLENBERG, MISS BESSIE C.,
Daughter of Major F. P. Muhlenberg.
- NEWMAN, MRS. EMMA V.,
Daughter of Captain J. G. Everest.
- PARSONS, CHARLES L.,
Son of Colonel Lewis B. Parsons.

Of the Army of the Tennessee.

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- PATIER, CHARLES O., JR.,
Son of Captain Charles O. Patier.
- PEARSON, HAYNIE R.,
Son of General R. N. Pearson.
- PETTUS, CHARLES PARSONS,
Grandson of Colonel Chas. Parsons.
- PLUMMER, S. C. JR.,
Second Son of Surgeon S. C. Plummer.
- PLUNKETT, LIEUTENANT CHAS. P., U. S. N.,
Son of Colonel Wm. H. Plunkett.
- RIGBY, CHARLES LANGLEY,
Second Son of Captain W. T. Rigby.
- SHAW, MISS HELEN L.,
Daughter of Colonel W. T. Shaw.
- SHERMAN, CHARLES MOULTON,
Second Son of Major Hoyt Sherman.
- SOPER, EMMET HARLAND,
Second Son of Captain E. B. Soper.
- STIBBS, HENRY H.,
Son of General J. H. Stibbs.
- STONE, MISS CARRIE FRANK,
Daughter of Colonel J. C. Stone.
- TRIPP, MISS VIRGIE M.,
Daughter of Captain S. S. Tripp.
- VAN SELLAR, FRANK C.,
Second Son of Colonel H. Van Sellar.
- WALCUTT, JOHN MACY,
Second Son of General C. C. Walcutt.
- WARNER, MISS JULIET SARA,
Daughter of Colonel Charles G. Warner.
- WILLIAMSON, MISS HAIDER,
Daughter of General J. A. Williamson.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Captain A. T. Andreas.
Captain W. D. E. Andrus.
General R. V. Ankeny.
General Smith D. Atkins.
Colonel J. W. Barlow.
Colonel J. W. Barnes.
General W. L. Barnum.
Captain A. Barto.
Major S. E. Barrett.
Colonel John B. Bell.
General J. D. Bingham, U. S. A.
Lieutenant H. P. Bird.
Mr. Andrew A. Blair.
Captain E. Blakeslee.
Surgeon J. W. Bond.
Colonel J. Brumback.
Captain Sam'l T. Brush.
Colonel Geo. E. Bryant.
Captain W. S. Burns.
Captain G. A. Busse.
Colonel Cornelius Cadle.
Captain B. M. Callender.
Captain R. M. Campbell.
Captain Henry A. Castle.
Major Charles Christensen.
General M. Churchill.
Captain W. Z. Clayton.
Colonel Nelson Cole.
Colonel D. C. Coleman.
Captain John Crane.
General G. M. Dodge.
Captain J. R. Dunlap.
Colonel D. P. Dyer.
Major A. W. Edwards.
Major C. F. Emery.
Captain B. Essroger.
Captain J. G. Everest.
Major L. H. Everts.
Captain J. D. Fegan.
Lieutenant John B. Fidler.
Colonel C. W. Fisher.

Major R. H. Flemming.
General T. C. Fletcher.
Major Patrick Flynn.
General M. F. Force.
Captain C. A. Frick.
Colonel N. S. Gilson.
Colonel G. L. Godfrey.
Colonel F. D. Grant.
General B. H. Grierson, U. S. A.
Captain H. W. Hall.
Captain E. B. Hamilton.
General Schuyler Hamilton.
Captain A. J. Harding.
General R. W. Healy.
Captain F. Y. Hedley.
Colonel D. B. Henderson.
General A. Hickenlooper.
Captain M. A. Higley.
Colonel Geo. H. Hildt.
Major Chas. Hipp.
Major P. M. Hitchcock.
Lieutenant J. W. Hitt.
Captain Holmes Hoge.
General Charles E. Hovey.
Major A. L. Howe.
General L. F. Hubbard.
Captain J. A. T. Hull.
Captain E. O. Hurd.
General George P. Ihrie.
Colonel B. J. D. Irwin, U. S. A.
Colonel Oscar L. Jackson.
Colonel Augustus Jacobson,
Major W. L. B. Jenney.
Major E. S. Johnson.
Colonel E. Jonas.
Colonel Wm. B. Keeler.
Captain Louis Keller.
Captain A. C. Kemper.
Colonel O. D. Kinsman.
Captain Chas. R. E. Koch.
Colonel Louis Krughoff.
Captain O. C. Lademan.
Captain J. H. Lakin.
Captain Louis E. Lambert.
Captain C. E. Lanstrum.
Captain W. B. Leach.
Captain T. W. Letton.

Proceedings of the Society

Colonel John Mason Loomis.
Captain Oscar Ludwig.
Frank W. Lynch.
Captain J. T. McAuley.
General John McArthur.
Colonel J. N. McArthur.
Major R. W. McClaughry.
Major W. R. McComas.
Colonel A. W. McCormick.
Captain J. W. McElravy.
Major J. C. McFarland.
Captain M. J. McGrath.
General G. F. McGinnis.
General Robert Macfeely.
Colonel J. W. MacMurray, U. S. A.
General John McNulta.
Captain M. F. Madigan.
Captain F. H. Magdeburg.
Captain F. H. Marsh.
Major George Mason.
Captain C. F. Matteson.
Captain A. H. Mattox.
Captain J. S. Menken.
Major E. T. Miller.
Captain John Mitchell.
General F. W. Moore.
Major H. L. Morrill.
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Captain D. A. Mulvane.
Colonel Gilbert D. Munson.
Captain J. C. Neely.
Major Henry M. Neil.
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General R. J. Oglesby.
Captain C. O. Patier.
General R. N. Pearson.
Captain F. W. Pelton.
Captain H. O. Perry.
Major J. A. Pickler.
Captain Julius Pitzman.
Surgeon S. C. Plummer.
Colonel W. H. Plunkett.
Major W. S. Pope.
Surgeon E. Powell.
Lieutenant C. L. Pratt.

Captain Chas. E. Putnam.
Colonel W. H. Raynor.
Captain A. N. Reese.
General A. V. Rice.
Captain C. Riebsame.
Captain H. H. Rood.
General L. F. Ross.
General J. M. Ruggles.
Captain I. P. Rumsey.
Captain J. W. Rumsey.
Major Andrew Sabine.
General J. B. Sanborn.
Captain John Schenk.
Colonel A. J. Seay.
Captain James A. Sexton.
Colonel W. T. Shaw.
Major Hoyt Sherman.
Major Chas. W. Smith.
Major Chas. H. Smith.
General Wm. Sooy Smith.
Colonel Milo Smith.
Colonel Z. S. Spalding.
Captain E. B. Spalding.
Surgeon Jos. Spiegelhalter.
Captain C. W. Stark.
Captain T. N. Stevens.
General John D. Stevenson.
Captain W. H. Stewart.
Captain Chas. Stiesmeier.
Captain L. Stillwell.
General Jos. R. Stockton.
Colonel J. C. Stone.
Colonel O. Stuart.
Captain G. W. Sylvius.
Colonel G. I. Taggart.
General Samuel Thomas.
Captain S. S. Tripp.
Colonel A. M. Tucker.
Captain Richard S. Tuthill.
Captain B. W. Underwood.
Colonel H. Van Sellar.
Colonel W. F. Vilas.
Surgeon Horace Wardner.
Major Wm. E. Ware.
Captain V. Warner.
General Willard Warner.
Captain C. H. Warrens, U. S. A.

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General George E. Welles.
Colonel Fred. Welker.
Captain Andrew W. Williamson.
General J. A. Williamson.
Major A. Willison.
Major C. T. Wilbur.
Colonel J. S. Wilcox.
General J. Grant Wilson.
Major J. F. Wilson.
General James H. Wilson.
Captain F. C. Wilson.
Major T. P. Wilson.
General E. F. Winslow.
General M. V. Z. Woodhull.
Colonel B. T. Wright.
Captain William Zickerick.

MEMBERS

OF THE

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

- Adams, H. C., Lieutenant, 6 Builders Exchange, Indianapolis, Ind.
Ady, George, Lieutenant, 939 Seventeenth street, Denver, Col.
Alger, R. A., Major-General, Detroit, Mich.
Andreas, A. T., Captain, 408 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.
Andrus, W. D. E., Captain, Rockford, Ill.
Ankeny, H. G., Captain, Corning, Iowa.
Ankeny, R. V., General, Des Moines, Iowa.
Armor, Mrs. Mary, Clifton, Cincinnati, O.
Arndt, A. F. R., Major, Detroit, Mich.
Atkins, S. D., General, Freeport, Ill.
- Baker, A. J., Lieutenant, Centerville, Iowa.
Baldwin, W. H., General, 35 East Third street, Cincinnati, O.
Banks, J. C., Captain, 535 Turrill street, Cincinnati, O.
Banks, Lyman, Captain, 111 Illinois avenue, Seattle, Wash.
Barber, Mrs. J., 363 Pearl street, Cleveland, O.
Barlow, J. W., Colonel, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.
Barnes, J. W., Colonel, Memphis, Mo.
Barnum, W. L., Colonel, 205 LaSalle street, Chicago, Ill.
Barrett, S. E., Major, 909 Stock Exchange Building, Chicago, Ill.
Bartels, F. J., Captain, Crivitz, Marinette Co., Wis.
Barto, A., Captain, St. Cloud, Minn.
Beckwith, Warren, Captain, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Belknap, Hugh R., Chicago, Ill.
Bell, J. B., Lieutenant-Colonel, 1909 Collingwood ave., Toledo, O.
Bell, Jno. N., Captain, 3 East Second street, Dayton, O.
Bennett, J. LeRoy, Captain, 520 Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.
Bentley, Chas. S., Captain, 4453 Ellis ave., Chicago, Ill.
Billings, Captain L. J., Rhinelander, Wis.
Bingham, J. D., General, U. S. A., The Union League Club, Philadelphia, Pa.
Bird, H. P., Lieutenant, 3961 Drexel Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Bixby, A. S., Captain, Danville, Ill.
Black, John C., General, Chicago, Ill.
Blair, Andrew A., 406 Locust street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Blakeslee, E., Captain, Ironton, Wis.
Bohn, A. V., Major, Leadville, Col.

- Bond, J. W., Surgeon, Toledo, O.
Borland, Matt. W., Lieutenant, 365 Jackson Bvd., Chicago, Ill.
Breckinridge, J. C., General, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.
Brinton, J. H., Surgeon, 1423 Spruce street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Brown, R. H., Colonel, St. Louis, Mo.
Brumback, J., Lieutenant-Colonel, Kansas City, Mo.
Brush, Sam'l T., Captain, Carbondale, Ill.
Bryant, Geo. E., Colonel, Madison, Wis.
Buchanan, Robt., Colonel, 309 N. Third st., St. Louis, Mo.
Buckland, George, Fremont, Ohio.
Burns, Wm. S., Captain, Bath, Steuben county, N. Y.
Burt, R. W., Captain, Peoria, Ill.
Busse, G. A., Captain, 504 N. Clark st., Chicago, Ill.
Butler, J. G., Major, Sixteenth and Walnut sts., St. Louis, Mo.
Butterfield, D. G., Captain, De Witt, Iowa.
Byers, S. H. M., Captain, Des Moines, Iowa.
- Cadle, Cornelius, Colonel, P. O. Box 35, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cadle, W. L., Captain, Home Insurance Building, Chicago, Ill.
Callender, B. M., Captain, Leland Hotel, Chicago, Ill.
Camburn, J. H., Major, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Campbell, R. M., Captain, 315 Frey st., Peoria, Ill.
Campbell, J. Q. A., Lieutenant, Bellefontaine, Ohio.
Candee, F. P., Captain, Omaha, Neb.
Cantwell, M. J., Captain, Madison, Wis.
Carpenter, C. C., Colonel, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.
Carr, E. A., General, U. S. A., care Adjutant-General,
Washington, D. C.
Carroll, H. S., Lieutenant, Carlinville, Ill.
Castle, H. A., Captain, St. Paul, Minn.
Chadwick, C. C., Captain, 92 Watson st., Detroit, Mich.
Chamberlin, L. H., Captain, 49 East High st., Detroit, Mich.
Chamberlin, W. H., Major, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Chase, R. J., Captain, Sioux City, Iowa.
Cheney, A. J., Major, Oak Park, Cook county, Ill.
Cherry, E. V., Captain, Cincinnati, Ohio.
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Evanston — Reed (D. W.)
Flora — Parsons.
Freeport — Atkins.
Galena — Rowett (Mrs. Ella).
Galesburg — Lanstrum.
Havana — Ruggles.
Hinsdale — Fitch (Mrs. Mary J.)
Jacksonville — Grierson, Smith (J. A.)
Joliet — Dement.
Lacan — Fort.
Lake Forest — Irwin.
Lamoille — Frary.
Lewistown — Ross.
Maroa — Emery.
Mendota — Crooker.
Moline — Reid (D. O.), Stevens (W. E.)
Nashville — Krughoff.
Oak Park (*Cook county*) — Cheney, Gile.
Paris — Van Sellar.

ILLINOIS — Continued.

Park Ridge (*Cook county*) — Stuart.
Peoria — Burt, Campbell (R. M.), Dow, Law, McClure, Tripp.
Pontiac — McClaghry.
Princeton — Elliott.
Quincy — Hamilton (E. B.), Pullen.
Riverside (*Cook county*) — Hunt.
Rockford — Andrus, Flynn, Rohr.
Rock Island — Plummer, Williamson (A. W.)
Salem — Martin.
Springfield — Ferguson, Johnson.
Vermont — Kinney.
Watsela — Raymond.
Woodstock — Stewart.

INDIANA.

Covington — Dunlap.
Greenfield — Ogg.
Huntington — Pride, Slack.
Indianapolis — Adams, McGinnis.
Kokomo — Smith (Chas. W.)
La Porte — Wardner.
Marion — Marshall (W. S.)
Martinsville — Scott.
Noblesville — Wainwright.

IOWA.

Anamosa — Shaw.
Burlington — Frick, Stone (J. C.)
Cedar Rapids — Camburn, Ely, Higley, Putnam, Smith (M. P.)
Centerville — Baker, Stanton.
Chariton — Gibbon (Mrs. W. H.)
Clarinda — Hepburn.
Clinton — Fegan, Smith (Milo).
Corning — Ankeny (H. G.)
Council Bluffs — Gordon, Reed (J. R.), Richmond (G. H.)
Creston — Willison.
Davenport — Robertson, Sanders.
Des Moines — Ankeny (R. V.), Byers, Fracker, Godfrey, Hull, Mackenzie, Sherman (Hoyt), Stone (J. Y.)
De Witt — Butterfield.
Dubuque — Henderson, Taggart (S. L.)
Durant — Sry.
Eldora — Nuckolls.
Emmetsburg — Soper.

IOWA — Continued.

Ft. Dodge — Carpenter.
Ft. Madison — Morrison.
Keokuk — Parrott, Reid (Hugh T.), Root.
Mason City — Smith (H. I.)
Mt. Pleasant — Beckwith.
Mt. Vernon — Rigby, Rood.
Muscatine — Morgridge, Munroe (J. H.)
Ottumwa — Mahon.
Oxford — Miller (A. J.)
Red Oak — Hayes.
Sioux City — Chase, O'Connor, Spalding (E. B.)
Toledo — Connell.
Vinton — Sherman (B. R.)
West Liberty — McElravy.

KANSAS.

Arkansas City — Sleeth.
Erie — Stillwell.
Garden City — Sabine.
Topeka — Mulvane.
Wichita — Fabrique.

KENTUCKY.

Ludlow — Flemming.
Paducah — Hall (Mrs. Ada).

LOUISIANA.

New Orleans — Jonas, Warmoth.

MAINE.

Bangor — Clayton.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Milton — Lewis.

MICHIGAN.

Bay City — Nugent.
Detroit — Alger, Arndt, Chadwick, Chamberlin (L. H.)
Galesburg — Muhlenburg.
Ionia — Hutchinson.
Kalamazoo — Osborne, Wilbur.
Stanton — Stevens.

MINNESOTA.

Minneapolis—Leach, Pierce, Spear.

Red Wing—Hubbard.

St. Cloud—Barto.

St. Paul—Castle, Gray, Sanborn, Tilton, Vail, Wilson (T. P.)

MISSOURI.

Kansas City—Brumback, Colton, Crowell, Warner (W.), Webster.

Macon—Gillespie (W. C. B.)

Maryville—Powell (E.)

Memphis—Barnes.

Morley—Cooper.

Morrellton—Evenden.

Old Orchard (St. Louis county)—Oates.

St. Louis—Brown, Buchanan, Butler, Cole, Coleman, Dyer, Gandolfo, Gleason (C. H.), Hall, Hequembourg, Hills, Hodges, McFall, Morrill, Noble, Parsons (Chas.), Pitzman, Pope (W. S.), Rassieur, Ravold, Reynolds (Geo. D.), Schenck, Sherman (T. E.), Spiegelhalter, Spoor, Stiesmeier, Tredway, Ware, Warner (C. G.)

Tuxedo Park—Pratt (J. B.)

West Plains—Hitt.

NEBRASKA.

Clay Center—Dunn.

Fort Crook—Ord.

Omaha—Frederick, Richardson, Squires, Swobe.

NEW JERSEY.

Trenton—Ihrle.

NEW YORK.

Bath—Burns.

Brooklyn—Thompson, Winslow.

Buffalo—McArthur, (J. N.)

New York City—Crane, Dodge, Grant, Grant (Mrs. U. S.), Hamilton (S.), Mattox, Menken, Montgomery, Porter (A. B.), Sherman (P. T.), Swords, Thomas, Williamson (J. A.), Wilson (Jas. G.)

NORTH DAKOTA.

Bismarck—Gregg.

Fargo—Edwards, Morton.

OHIO.

Akron—Jacobs.

Bellefontaine—Campbell (J. Q. A.)

Bucyrus—Fisher (C. W.)

Cadiz—McConnell.

Canal Dover—Hildt.

Canton—Williams (W. S.)

Cincinnati—Armor (Mrs. Mary), Baldwin, Banks (J. C.), Cadle (C.), Chamberlin (W. H.), Cherry, Coverdale, Hartshorn, Heath, Hickenlooper, Kemper, McComas, McCormick, Moore (F. W.), Thrall, Van Dyke, Welsh.

Cleveland—Barber (Mrs. J.), Hitchcock, Leggett (Mrs. M. D.), Lynch, Madigan, Mitchell, Pelton, Smith (C. H.), Tucker.

Columbus—Fuller, Gault, Jones (Theo.), Kilbourne, Neil, Potts, Walcutt.

Dayton—Bell (J. N.), Fenner, Keller.

Fazeysburg—Evans (J. A.)

Fremont—Buckland.

Lakewood Hamlet (Cuyahoga county)—Howe.

Lima—Francis, Moore (I. T.), Prophet.

Lithopolis—Clark (Mrs. W. C.)

Marysville—Webb.

Middletown—Gillespie (J. W. A.)

Monroeville—Skilton.

Napoleon—Harrison, Randall.

Ottawa—Rice.

Plainville—Hurd.

St. Marys—Hipp, Lambert.

Sidney—Nutt, Wilson (H.)

State Soldiers Home (Erie county)—Force.

Toledo—Bell (J. B.), Bond, Raynor, Welles.

Waverly—Jones (W. S.)

Wellston—Henry.

Youngstown—Logan.

Zanesville—Munson.

OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.

Kingfisher—Seay.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Media (Delaware county)—Miller (E. T.)

New Castle—Jackson.

Philadelphia—Bingham, Blair, Brinton, Everts.

Pittsburg—McFarland (J. D.)

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva — De Lapalua (Madam F.)

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Faulkton — Pickler.

TENNESSEE.

Chattanooga — Healy, Warner (Willard)

TURKEY.

Constantinople — Dwight.

UTAH.

Salt Lake City — Lakin.

VERMONT.

Burlington — Howard.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle — Banks (L.), Dickerson, Rumsey (J. W.)

WISCONSIN.

Crivitz (Marinette county) — Bartels.

Fon du Lac — Gibson.

Fox Lake — Eggleston.

Ironton — Blakeslee.

Janesville — Harlow.

Madison — Bryant, Cantwell, Pitman, Scribner (Mrs. W. S.), Vilas.

Milwaukee — Lademann, Magdeburg,

Oshkosh — Zickerick.

Racine — Colman.

Tiffany — Stark.

Waukesha — Putney.

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